Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 13, 1958 / 25¢

FRONTIERS OF LEARNING—DISCOVERING THE WHOLE MAN

SR's Accent on Education Issue

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A new play, a new book
and a birthday interview
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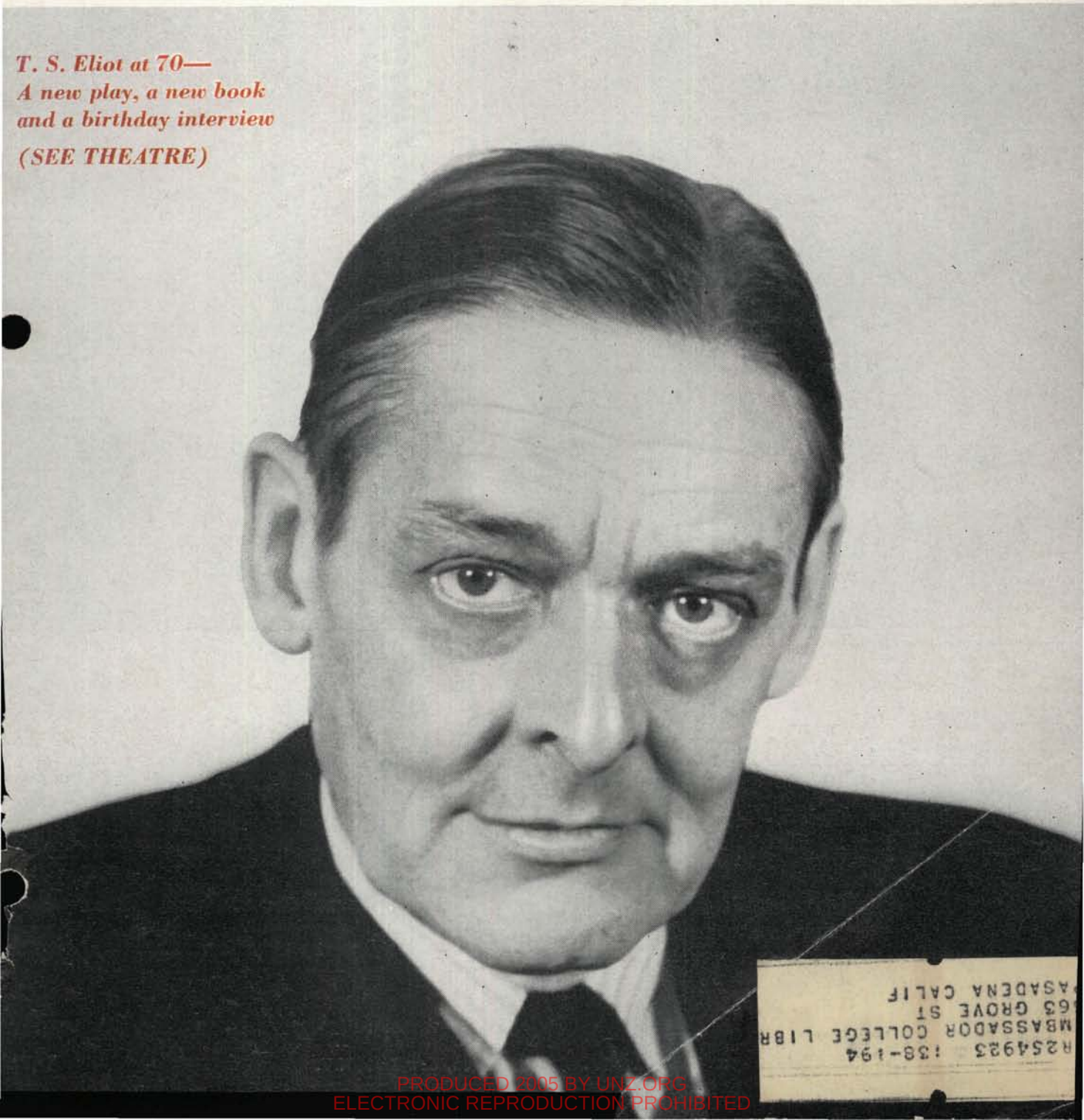

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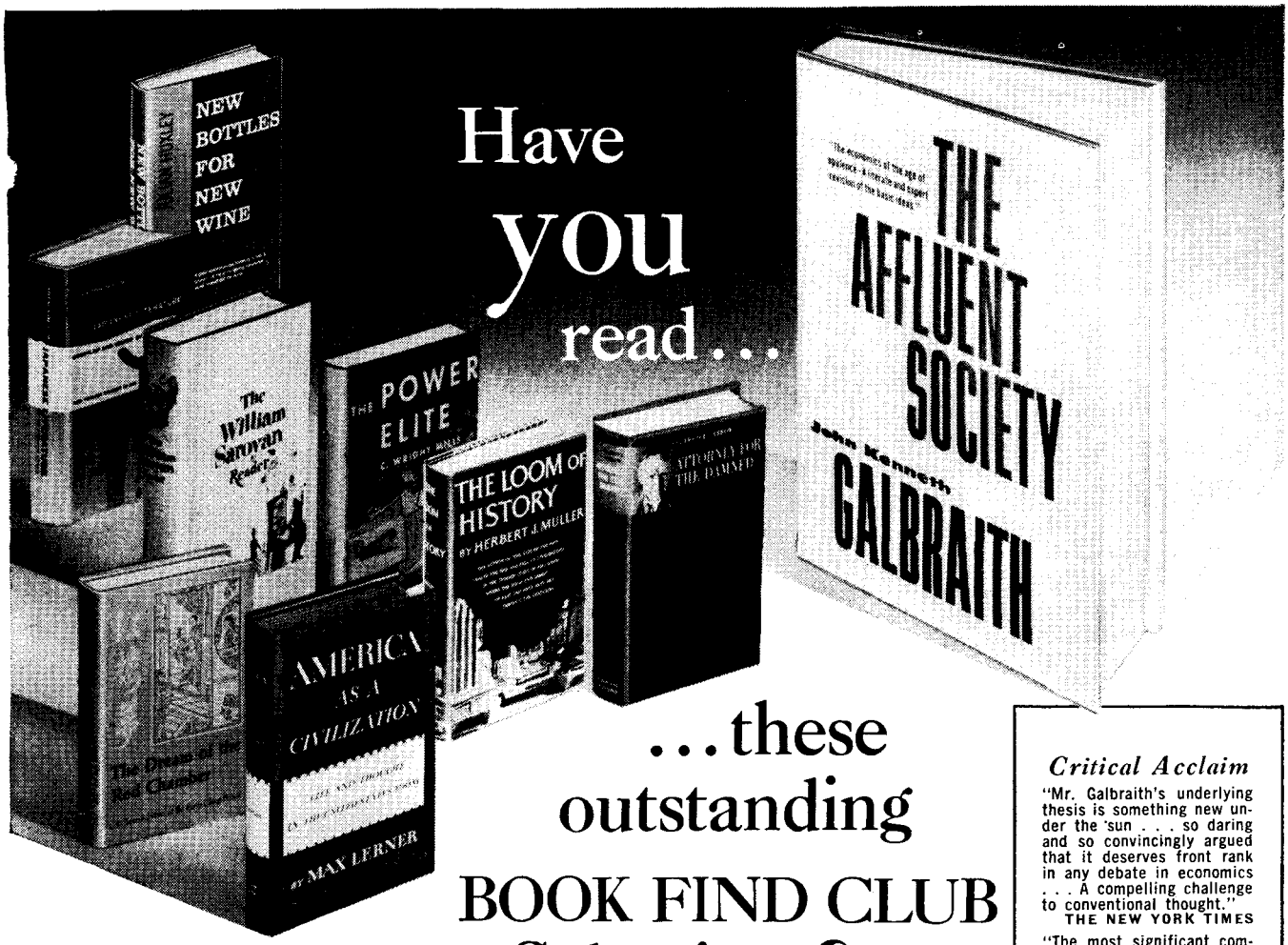

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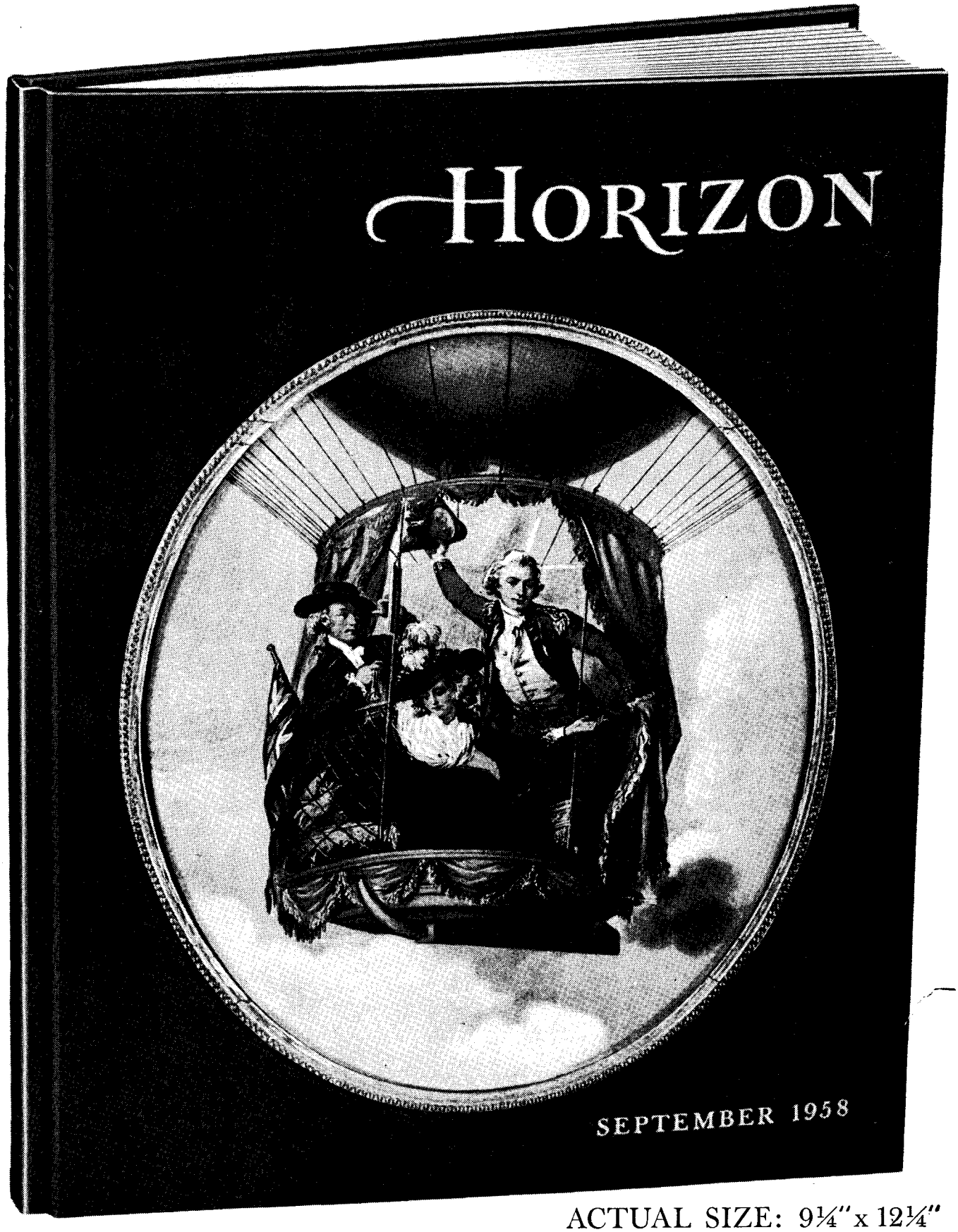

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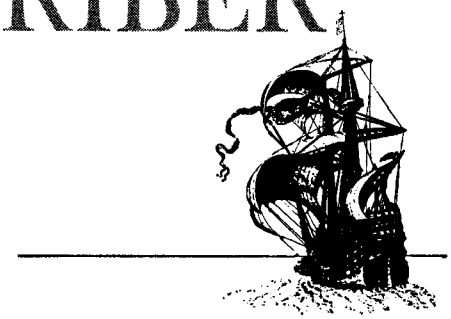

The Purpose: To Provide something which should exist in America but does not – a magazine which unites art and ideas, the sum of which is culture, in a format no one yet has ventured;

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To Build many bridges between the worlds of scholars and the minds of intelligent readers;

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The Product is a magazine designed to delight the eye and enrich the mind. HORIZON is a big (9¼ x 12¼ inches) bimonthly magazine in book form (i.e. with *hard covers* and *no advertisements*). Its contents are *permanent* in value and interest.

In each issue, a score of articles and picture portfolios will range the world and the centuries to illumine man's age-old quest for excellence, his manners and customs, his pleasures and achievements. (Authors in this first issue include Gilbert Highet, Julian Huxley, William Harlan Hale, Igor Stravinsky, C. V. Wedgwood, Marquis Childs, H. R. Trevor-Roper, Irving Stone, Freya Stark.)

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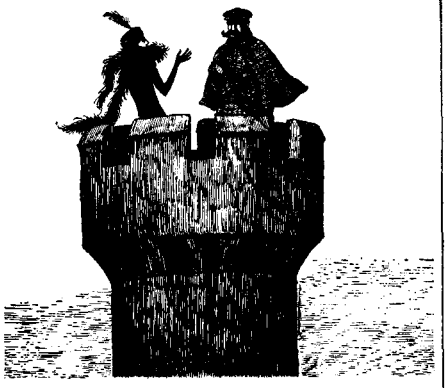
EDITOR AT LARGE



These are two people on a tower. But they are not two ordinary people on an ordinary tower. Oh no, they are two people on a tower in Edward Gorey's new book, "The Object Lesson."

I think "The Object Lesson" is a series of pictures with running captions. On the other hand, it may be a story with illustrations. In any event, both drawings and text were done by Gorey.

If you liked "Sick, Sick, Sick," the funniest cartoon book published *so far* this year, you'll probably like "The Object Lesson." If you didn't like "Sick, Sick, Sick," you may well like "The Object Lesson." If you never even heard of "Sick, Sick, Sick," you may be mad about "The Object Lesson."

The only thing I am really sure of is that, unless you know Gorey's three previous books, you have never seen any other book like "The Object Lesson."

"The Object Lesson" is the year's most *sui generis* book. Get your bookseller to show you a copy and see for yourself.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Object Lesson" ($2.00), like Edward Gorey's previous book, "The Doubtful Guest" ($2.00), is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. "Sick, Sick, Sick" ($1.50), by Jules Feiffer, is published by McGraw-Hill. All three books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 526 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

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SEPTEMBER 13, 1958
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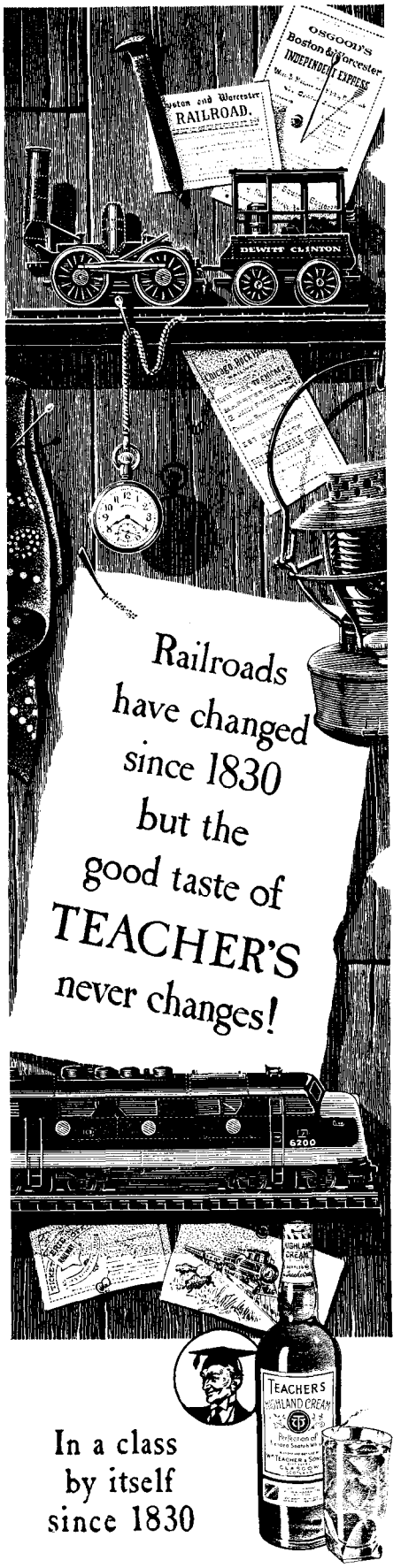

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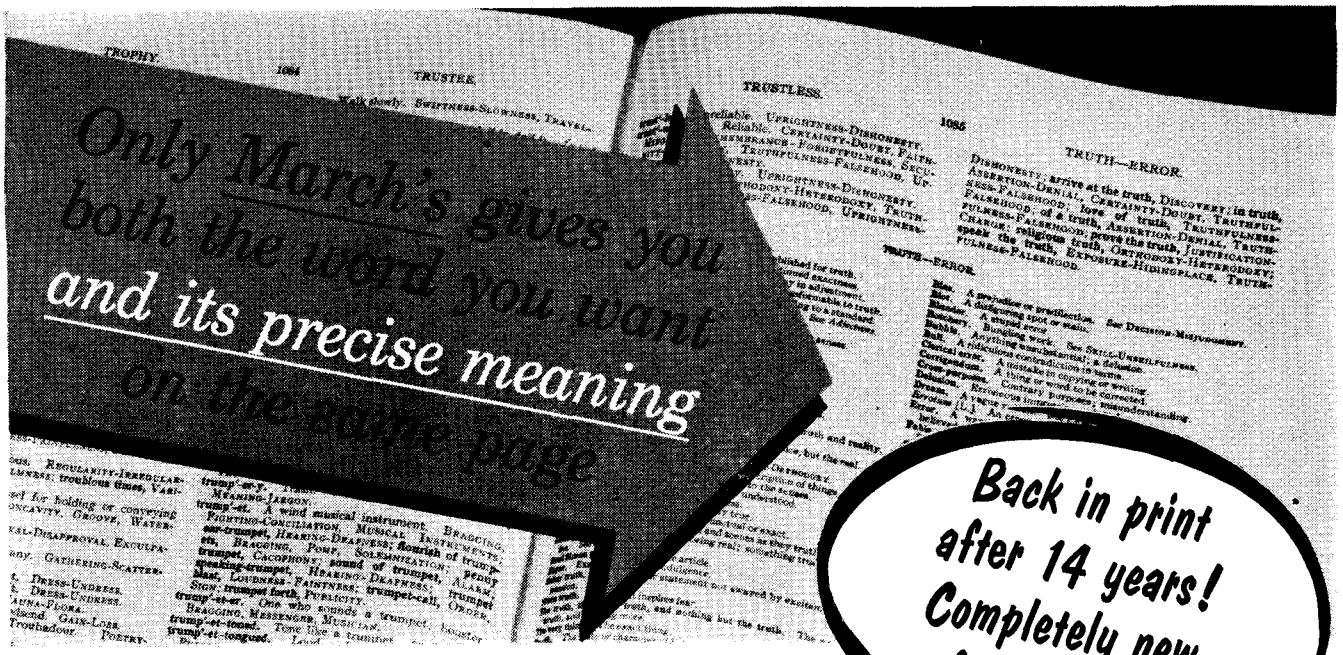
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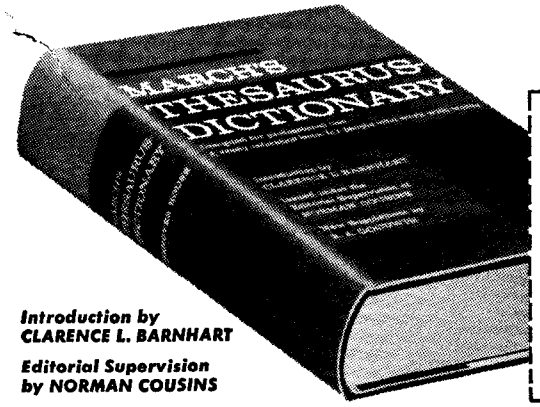

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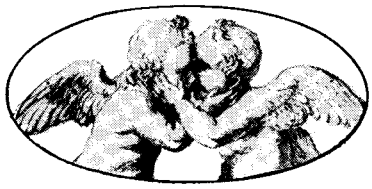

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WRITING IN "HIGH LIFE," a publication of the Downers Grove (Illinois) Community High School, Jim Dapogny says that rebellions have taken place in the arts, too, and the most exciting of these is in poetry. "No longer is the poet bound by rhyme and meter," he declares. "He can disregard these superfluous factors and write purely for expression." Dapogny

points out that this has made poetry a more democratic form of art, because people who couldn't rhyme or create the flowing lines of the old style can now write poems. Here is one, he says, that illustrates how the abolition of rhyme and meter has heightened the excitement of poetry:

RESIGNATION
By Alice Superman

Come, O wretched man of time,
Can thy rotted limbs but be a monument?
Th'experienced whisper to an age.
An age of Gray.

"Certainly in this work," Dapogny writes, "nothing is lost by the omission of rhyme and meter. One can picture the deep regret of a murderer after committing his crime, or the bareness of a battlefield after a war, or whatever the poem depicts."

AMONG THE MANY PECULIAR customs in the publishing business is the one which requires a constant reference to the number of times a manuscript was rejected before it was finally accepted. It happens so often and

there are so many examples that there is little point in referring to any. But I am sure that if "Gone With the Wind" or "The Power of Positive Thinking" or "The Caine Mutiny" were not reluctantly published, then others like them were.

Currently, for instance, Putnam's is boasting that four American publishers turned down "Lolita" (*SR* Aug. 16) because they were disturbed by the subject matter. And Dutton has informed me that "The Dud Avocado" (*SR* July 26) had been "turned down by a number of American publishers and . . . that publishers still pass up pearls even when they're lying right in front of them waiting to be picked up."

I say this with all due respect to the two books; they're both headed for what is known as best-sellerdom. But the Theory of Previous Turndown implies that there is some inherent quality in the work itself which has been missed by editors. That just isn't true, and the publishers themselves would be the first to admit it. There are too many other factors to reckon with: advertising, timing, editing, publicity, the great unknown. The fellows who rejected these books may have had good reasons for doing so, and they should rightfully resent being anonymously criticised as having missed out on a best seller, thus reflecting on their publishing ability.

One trouble in the Theory is that the real reasons for rejection are seldom announced. It is very seldom, in this business, that a rejection slip—for

anything from a short short story to a huge manuscript—contains the "real" reasons for its being turned down. Rejections are carefully worded so that there will be no opportunity for the author to take exception, because if you don't want to publish something, you cannot often boil it down to simple terms and the last thing you want to do is to get into an argument with its creator about it. The absolutely best rejection slip contains the message that "we have something like this in the works. . . ." That's something authors understand. Another good one is that "the subject matter is not suitable. . . ." In the case of "Lolita," the four publishers that were quoted as being "disturbed" by the subject matter probably meant they didn't want to be the ones to try to sell it, not that they thought it was no good.

As for Elaine Dundy's nice story, even Elliott B. Macrae, president of

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BARRON'S

CENTS ID *National Business and Financial Weekly* AUGUST 4, 1958

Banana Harvest

United Fruit Points a Moral on U. S. Enterprise Abroad

LATE last week Dr. Milton Eisenhower, wearing the familiar family grin, touched down at MATS Terminal in Washington on his return from a combined fact-finding mission and good-will tour through Central America. Nowhere on his odyssey, happily, did he undergo anything comparable to Vice President Nixon's ordeal of last May. One reason could be that, in the wake of that near-disastrous journey, the President's brother chose a less exposed itinerary. Even so, he encountered occasional cries of "Milton, go home!" and, by his own account, more sharp words than on any previous visit. The U. S., it seems, for all its efforts to woo popularity, is not universally beloved in the lands to the south. Indeed, a searching reappraisal of this country's relations with its Good Neighbors in this Hemisphere is emphatically in order.

In casting about for a new approach, Foggy Bottom should look hard and long at the achievements of certain private concerns in this same touchy area. Very much in point is a fact-filled volume published today by the National Planning Association, the seventh of its case studies of U. S. business performance abroad. The authors, a former president of Ecuador, Galo Plaza, and a respected economist, Stacy May, describe in detail what they call the "rough road to success" of United Fruit Co. in Latin America. From their exhaustive study of the world's greatest banana empire, certain lessons emerge. Business-minded Unifruit has accomplished more for Pan-American solidarity than all of Washington's costly market manipulations in coffee and non-ferrous metals. Similarly, the Boston-based corporation, in fostering economic progress in the less developed countries, puts to shame all the creaking apparatus of foreign aid. In both respects, the private dollar, venturing abroad in search of a profit, has accomplished far more than the public dollar, backed only by fuzzy philanthropy.

United Fruit is an almost classic example. In 59 years, the company has grown until it sprawls over more than a million acres in Guatemala, Honduras, Ecuador, Costa Rica, Colombia, Panama and elsewhere. In 1957 its Great White Fleet of 61 ships brought no fewer than 26 million stems of bananas into this country. The company also cultivates substantial acreages of sugar cane, cacao, abaca, palm oil and timber, and owns nearly 1,400 miles of railroad. Seeking still further diversification, it is now on the prowl for oil and natural gas, bauxite, iron ore and other minerals. Already the concern and its subsidiaries boast assets of nearly $400 million. If far from gigantic by U. S. standards, compared with most Central American ventures, it is a colossus.

* * *

Its growth, however, has not come easily. For few enterprises on the globe face as dismaying a profusion of risks, year in and year out. To begin with, its main source of income, the banana (which NPA calls an implausible product), is singularly susceptible to a host of plant and soil diseases, as well as to windstorm and flood. Equally threatening to Unifruitco prosperity are strikes in the so-called banana republics or on the docks where its highly perishable cargoes are unloaded. Adding to the company's woes was the Justice Department's recent anti-trust fight to dissolve it, which ended this spring, when Unifruit signed a consent decree, promising eventually to form a new competitor out of its own assets. Yet perhaps most hazardous of all is the circumstance that, to many a sensitive Latin, this foreign-owned venture, launched in the flamboyant era of dollar diplomacy, long has symbolized U. S. imperialism. To some, the very name United Fruit conjures up an image comparable to that of the Abominable Snowman in the mind of a Sherpa guide.

The exhaustive NPA study reveals how utterly misleading that picture is. In the first place, it painstakingly documents the fact that United Fruit is far from being a corporate plutocrat. The return on its investment over the years, while adequate, has failed to match that of the average company of its size here at home. For the past 11 years, its shareholders have enjoyed no capital gains. In a dynamically expanding U. S. economy, United Fruit, indeed, barely has held its own.

In contrast, the company has done conspicuously well for its host countries—as they themselves are beginning to appreciate. In 1954-55, the year analyzed by NPA, its expenditures in the six-nation area totaled $139 million, and it provided foreign exchange benefits of almost $76 million. Except in Colombia, Unifruitco tax payments constituted more than 6% of total government revenues. Significantly, too, the acreage yield of its plantations was 20 times the average for all other improved farm land. All in all, the company left in its production area more than $7 for every dollar it took out in profits.

Yet the demands on Unifruitco go beyond dollars and cents. Its plantations lie in areas previously undeveloped, often almost uninhabited. The company, then, must supply all the necessary community services—homes, schools, hospitals, churches, roads and utilities. United Fruit housing, to take but a single example, is the best provided agricultural workers anywhere in the tropics. The company also pays wages and fringe benefits well above the going rate. As an enlightened employer in underdeveloped lands, it is running a private program far more comprehensive than the much-touted Point IV.

Here, then, is a vigorous missionary for free enterprise, taking on inordinate risks, for relatively small profit. While many of Washington's lavish grants and loans prove unproductive, or worse, United Fruit yields rich rewards both to the U. S. and to Latin America. Moreover, while inter-government deals in support of coffee, for example, already have cost this country more than half a billion dollars, keeping the banana business healthy has cost not a cent. If the U. S. and its friends to the south will join to encourage more such private ventures, all concerned will benefit. From the viewpoint of the hard-pressed taxpayer, this is free enterprise that is both enterprising and free.

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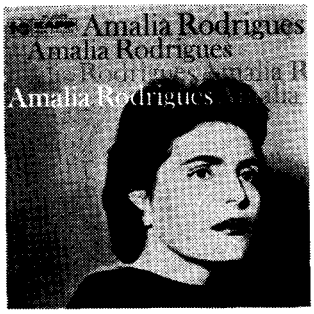
FADO*

*SONGS OF FATE

by AMALIA RODRIGUES

one of the FABULOUS VOICES OF THE CENTURY



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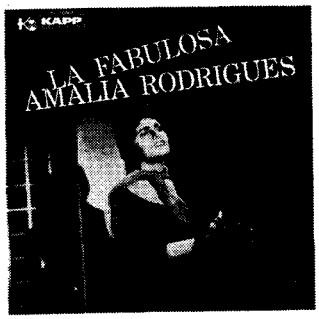

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Dutton, says that the house was "in the mood for a book of this kind." That just about sums up the business: the other American publishers were not in the mood. It certainly doesn't prove that Dutton knew that the book would be a hit.

It seems to me a publisher would like to give the impression that he has had first look at everything, not that as a last resort some discouraged writer or agent is delivering to him rejected, beat-up manuscripts. It would be much more interesting to know about the flops. How many smart publishers turned down the bombs before the dumb ones mistakenly grabbed them up?

WHEN ALMOST 200 WOMEN showed up at Wee Burn in Darien, Connecticut, to play off the U. S. Women's Amateur championship two weeks ago, men golfers were hinting around about female temperament on the golf course and all that. But Ruth Torgerson, a veteran of 25 years of golf competition, reported that the girls have a better attitude toward the game than the men.

"Women are wonderful sports," she told Gene Roswell of *The New York Post*. Among other things, they observe the rules more carefully. She did admit that a few of them read that book on Gamesmanship. She said:

"I've run into them, the kind who, if you're putting well, will make it a point to comment or compliment your game. First thing you know, you're out there thinking instead of hitting. Another subtle trick is to sidle up to a player who has been chipping well and humbly ask if you

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 794

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 794 will be found in the next issue.

IHFK OMVV IW IHFK,

ELS KH OMVV E VHG

HY QMSSVW-EZWS QWL.

—'XML' RCIIEPS.

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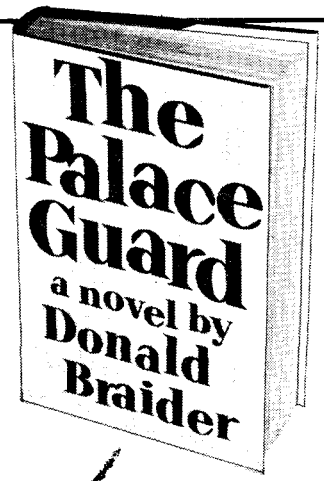
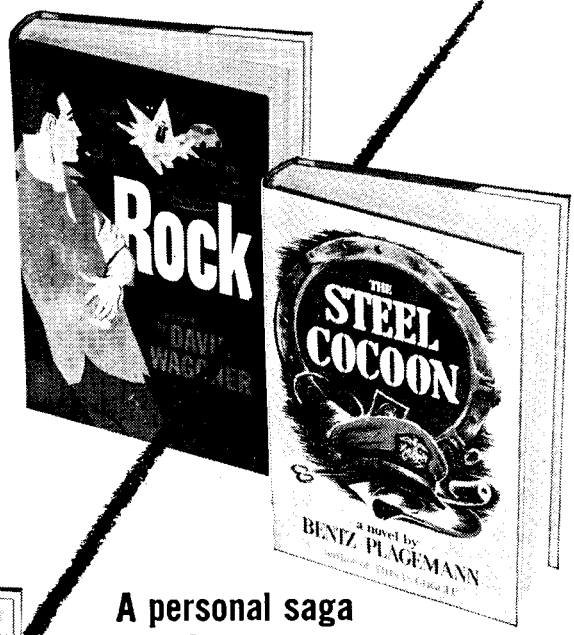
THE PALACE GUARD by Donald Braider



An explosive novel of today's unruly teen-age set

Writing with humor and verve, and with a vivid feeling for contemporary speech, David Wagoner tells this story of a young man's homecoming, and of his violent encounters with the insolent boys and tough girls of his younger brother's gang. On the surface, *Rock* is relentless and shocking as was *The Blackboard Jungle*. But beneath its surface is human warmth, the warmth of kids who are not too hard to cry, the warmth of young men and women who are not too defeated to hope. Many who read it for its sensational episodes will long remember the author's sympathetic insight, his remarkably effective story-telling skill. $3.75

ROCK by David Wagoner

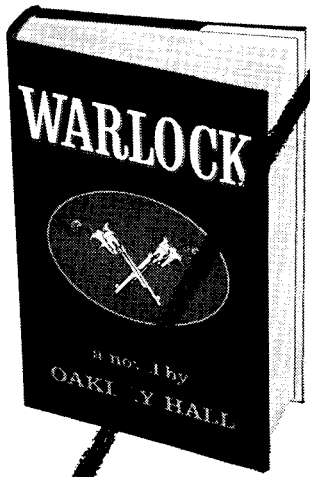


An epic novel has come out of our West!

In this great and stirring work of fiction, Oakley Hall has not only brought to life one of the most flamboyant periods of our national history, but has done it with a narrative impact that will rivet the reader to his chair. *Warlock* is the towering story of a frontier marshal who was as much outside the law as the terrorists he was hired to destroy, of the two women who were obsessed by him, of the town he tried to rid of violence.

Published September 5th $4.95

WARLOCK by Oakley Hall



A personal saga of men at sea— a shipboard drama of the Navy in wartime

Not since *The Caine Mutiny* has any novel so accurately and feelingly dramatized a small ship of war and the men who belong to it. In a story that focuses on a destroyer's sick bay and the mysteriously twisted character of C.P.O. Bullitt, the daily events of a shakedown cruise are movingly and humorously portrayed—the tensions, the talk, the escapades, the work—most of all the men and the swift disaster that welds them into a fighting crew.

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IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Ira Gershwin writes as follows: In "Trade Winds" (*SR* Aug. 16) your paragraph re a sequence of five punctuation marks arouses my curiosity. Why not tell which sentence of Mr. William Rooney's it is that ends: "?' ")."?

• The Good Humor man told Judy his is a frustrating business. When he jingles the bells and the kids come running, more than half of them don't have any money with them.

• Jean Kerr's eight-year-old John was writing a story about a man who was going to become President of the United States. Jean said to him, "Oh, Johnny, you'll be President some day." Without looking up, he replied:

"I doubt it."

• Why don't we use the fine old insults any more? Instead of all those terrible swearwords one hears and reads now, why can't we start calling someone an oaf, or a cad? They've never been able to improve on "You unmitigated cad!" Now everyone is a schmoe or a schmuck or a blankety-blank SOB, words that lose their significance. See if you can't call someone a blackguard for a change, or a knave, or try to inject "You unprincipled rogue!" into the conversation.

• Vincent Sardi's daughter's nursery school was playing a game called Show and Tell. The teacher held up a toy tiger and asked what it was. "A tiger!" shouted the class.

"And where does it come from?" teacher asked.

"From Princeton!" cried the Sardi moppet. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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The Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 13, 1958

Frontiers of Learning—Discovering the Whole Man

REPORT FROM THE GRASS-ROOTS

By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

THE professor and I sat in his narrow, high-ceilinged office in a large state university and talked about education. The big, old window was open wide on a hot, midsummer morning. It was Saturday; the campus was quiet, the dark, cool halls in the building empty and silent. The professor is in the vanguard of critics claiming that our public schools fail to devote themselves exclusively to serious intellectual training. I had sought him out on a research trip I was making in preparation for a projected radio series to be produced under the joint auspices of the National Association of Education Broadcasters and the Educational TV and Radio Center. The professor spelled out for me the socially desirable consequences which would flow from a tough, one-track system of education, one that early weeded out the intellectually unfit and shunted them to some vaguely-defined side spur. I asked him what would become of the non-verbal achievers and he smiled, shrugged his shoulders and said: "Let them dig ditches."

It is one thing to theorize in words about the inadequacies of your fellow-man. It is a shock, in the flesh to make him a hewer of wood and drawer of water. I thought of those primary-grade children that I had talked to in a school in Flint, Michigan, the General Motors city. One very shy, slow and halting-spoken six-year-old boy was of a southern family recently up from the cotton fields. The parents both worked on an assembly-line. They had eleven children. The six-year old was chronically late to school. No one in his family bothered to wake him in the morning. He came to class regularly unfed. Flint has an aggressive, enlightened community school program. The boy's undernourished condition was discovered in a medical checkup, and he was assigned to a group of 75 other children who are given breakfast every weekday morning at school because otherwise they would go hungry.

The odds were already heavily against this child in our highly verbalized teaching and testing conditions. Was there nothing better our society could offer him than "digging ditches?"

A hundred new insights into American education waited for me at every crowded stop on my trip. "Things I never knew till now" confronted me in a concentrated period of observation seldom available to any but privileged experts. My trip had been well planned by Dr. Ernest O. Melby (consultant for the radio series), former Dean of Education at New York University, now at Michigan State. In three months I visited a representative sample of universities, colleges, high schools and grade schools in the United States. My travels took me from the Golden Gate Bridge to the Everglades, to the Rockies, to the Great Lakes and to the Cradle of Liberty athwart Cape Cod Bay. I was no V.I.P., so I received no

THIS year's annual Accent on Education Issue of *Saturday Review* is concerned less with imminent and visible problems than with philosophical approaches and challenges. It is the relationship of the individual to the school, rather than the relationship of the school to community, that has a special accent in the pages that follow. *SR* is happy to acknowlege the work and counsel, in preparing this issue, of Dr. Glenn Olds, President of Springfield College, Springfield, Mass.

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brass treatment and consequently I was able to mingle with the help in the boiler room as well as dine at the faculty clubs with executive vice-presidents and deans of education.

The newspapers of every city that I passed through ran stories constantly about American education, often on the front page. "Why an Admiral is Disturbed By Our Schools" was the headline of one feature. "Science and the Humanities" bannered an editorial. "Re-educate or Perish" was the lead for a book-review. "Critical Reassessment Is Now Having its Effect on the Whole American System" wrote an education editor. The nation was reacting to Sputnik and to reports of the alleged success of the tightly controlled, severely demanding and highly selective public school system in Soviet Russia. On back porches, in learned journals, perhaps even behind closed doors of Congressional committees, thoughtful citizens were all asking essentially the same question: "Was the proud American dream of education for *all* the people no longer compatible with the awsome complexities of a technological, time-and-space-shrunk age?" What many really meant, brutally (though few might admit it) was "Ought we to train up an intellectual elite to govern us, in place of Mr. Mass Citizen?" The desperate question would never have crossed the minds of Horace Mann or Henry Barnard, a century ago.

AT THE outset of my trip, I too, asked the desperate question. Democracy's bright vision was challenged typically by dark words I heard from a G.I., an ex-prisoner of war in Korea, in a recent CBS Radio documentary —"Politically, I was completely ignorant. I had no political background. I was just past seventeen when I joined the Army. What did I know? I'd never voted. I never had any civics —I knew nothing from school, even, of politics. The Chinese gave me my first lesson on politics."

Happily for my general state of mind—now, after the completion of my trip—I have undergone a change of heart. I am convinced that our common public school system, with its promise of maximum development for the individual capacities of all, need not be scrapped for survival in the years ahead. I am persuaded that it would be dangerous to do so. I suggest that the professional educational leadership in the nation has both the wisdom and the capacity to do the job of school modernization which needs to be done, provided our citizens support them with cash, confidence and co-operation.

I am no educator. On my trip I was merely an inquiring layman. And, of course, I now feel the heady wine of omniscience about education which every Johnny-come-lately experiences. The reader should also evaluate my impressions in terms of the "Hawthorne effect," which suggests that anyone at the center of some novel enterprise tends to emphasize its positive aspects. These qualifications on the record, the reader may yet be interested in the alchemy which transformed this egghead in education-land into a rooter for our common public school system.

A high school principal from Pakistan, touring the world, said to me in the Paul Lawrence Dunbar High School, of Chicago: "Your country has one of the finest systems all over the world. Your teachers are dedicated people." To appreciate fully the emotional impact of his statement, you must picture the Pakistani and me being guided through Dunbar's shining new glass-and-steel-muscled building (cost $5,000,000, plus land $1,200,000, plus equipment $1,000,000, with an annual operating budget of $1,000,000). Dunbar's job is to make its Negro boys and girls employable in Chicago's bristling, world-port, industrial area. Here is no toy-store "vocational" education. Here are massive machine-shops with jet-airplane engines and electric-arc furnaces. "This is no dumping-ground," said our guide. "We turned this city upside down to get this school. We have a waiting list. Our students *want* to come here." "My friend," said Pakistan's high school principal to me: "How many countries in the world give these opportunities?"

* * *

Education is in the intellectual essences. It is also in the shock, heat and multitudes of day-to-day logistics. The regrettable weakness of an educational mystique which says to one child: "You, by virtue of your genes and your environment, are educable," and to another child, "And you, by destiny's sin, are not,"—is simply that mortals are so very fallible.

Dr. Frank Manley, the director of the Mott Foundation Program, which sparks Flint's Board of Education Community School operation, was, himself, a "drop-out" in his youth. Fortunately he was able to return to school. And his progressive, educational insights brought him eventually to a position of leadership in his city of 200,000 people where he has awakened it to the rich personal and social fruits that grow on the tree of creative liaison between schools and sincerely interested communities. Who will venture to say that this marvelous catalyst would not have been lost if some single-track system had "dumped" Frank Manley as second rate stuff? The priority question of the sciences and mathematics vs. the humanities in our post-Sputnik "crash" scholarship program is not beside the point here. Which is more important to the nation's "survival"—a Manley or a missile?

THE following anecdote illustrates the unfortunate communications gap which often exists between brilliant educational captains and on-the-line practitioners. A public school several years ago introduced a course in Beauty Culture for girls. One of the nation's leading university presidents read about it and at once sounded off in print in biting rhetoric. What the prexy didn't know (because he never bothered to inquire) was that the girls came from homes where regular bathing was not exactly a ritual. The problem was, primitively, to clean up their bodies before tackling their minds.

* * *

One over-riding impression I derived from my trip is that, in education, every black has its white. For each isolated inadequacy, those who know can readily point to another isolated competency in curriculum method, testing, teachers' salaries, etc., all the way down the line. The school failures I found were monotonously not the failures of our professional educators. They were the deeper failures of our total society pressing in upon the classrooms.

I visited a university which is one of the largest annual producers of Ph.D.'s in chemistry. An administrator told me that twenty-five were graduated this year. Only one will stay in teaching. The two dozen others would prefer to teach, but industry lures them with a starting salary of $8,000 a year, in contrast to the university's $5,000. "If they go into industry," said the administrator, "we'll never hear of them again. Their knowledge will be locked up in books or behind government security."

* * *

I relaxed, in another part of the country, with a group of delegates to a fraternal-order convention, successful, "civic-minded", middle-class businessmen and their wives. In the cocktail hour, I depth-sounded them for attitudes on education. The subject loosed a tempest of violent emotion—authoritarian and disciplinary. As individuals they were pleasant and well-meaning, but they were poorly informed and choked with stereotypes. One attacked all school-teachers as

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"socialistic." Another said, "I had to do it the hard way. I didn't need a college education. I'm an employer and five of my common laborers are college graduates. Who needs a college education to wash cars?"

A principal of one of the nation's top-level high schools in an upper stratum city (tough curriculum, high achievement) told me of a complaining parent who said: "I want my son to have a good time in school. Don't push him too hard." In another tragic instance, a Chinese-American mother had pushed her daughter hard in American history. The girl was not successful in mastering the Revolutionary War. She hanged herself in her closet.

"Toughen it up, toughen it up—that's all I've heard for forty years!" barked an irate lady superintendent of schools in the deep South. "Everybody is asking the kids to work harder, but labor is pushing a 35-hour week, and commercials on television keep blasting us to live modern; have fun, take it easy, enjoy life, travel."

* * *

One of our Southwestern states allows homestead owners a $1,000 exemption in figuring their local property taxes. A certain street of homes in one town sends more children to the public schools than any other street in the county—yet not a single property owner on that block pays one single cent in local taxes. The residents are not without guilty feelings, however: they come to the tax assessor's office and ask: "Tax me a little, but not too much."

* * *

I visited a meeting of the Board of Education of one of the nation's top-ten "bedroom" towns. A distinguished-looking, gray-haired lady politely argued against accepting a Federal subsidy for a children's lunch program. "This is a rich community," she asserted, "we don't need Federal aid." I sipped a malted in a drugstore, later, with a teachers' representative who had been a silent observer at the meeting. "Mrs. Bucks is a nice lady," he agreed, "but she still thinks this town is the same as it was twenty-five years ago. There are plenty of kids here who need a balanced diet and don't get it at home."

If I found cause for censure among our academicians, it was, oddly enough, not at the door of the "educationist" but rather in the pedagogic lairs of many of "our scholars" who counsel their bright, undergraduate specialists in the classic disciplines "not to get caught in the teacher's trap but to aim for the life of the scouting scholar who advances the frontiers of knowledge—because that's where the money and the prestige in education lie."

College presidents have yet to be found in large numbers who are courageous enough to honor the "gifted teacher." One can weigh a scholarly monograph and count its pages, but how can you demonstrate empirically the intangible inspiration students derive from a "teaching professor." The sad result is that perhaps our best teachers' minds are unavailable to most of the students on the campus, and this loss of imaginative stimulus is probably felt all the way down the educational ladder to kindergarten.

I WAS impressed by the enthusiasm, energy and vision of many teachers and administrators. There are those in the profession who are devoted but inadequate—for the all too familiar reasons. Many superintendents and principals received their training in the days when a sort of shop-foreman and athletic coach was the ideal combination. The educators are "running like hell to stay where they are" under the impact of their multiple problems.

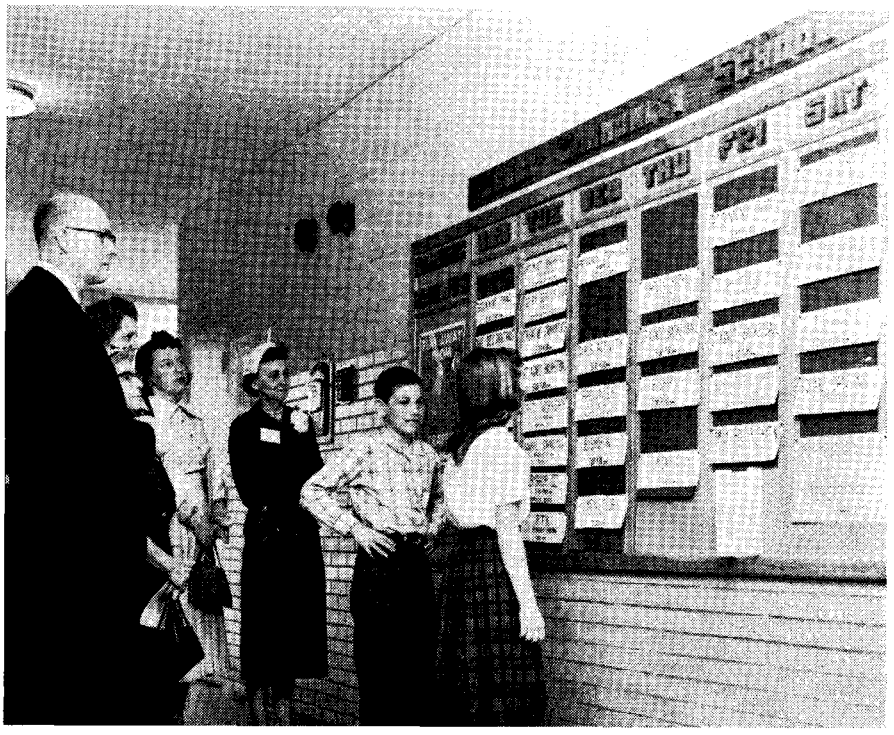
They have taken a cruel and thoroughly unwarranted scapegoat-lacing at the hands of a guilty and badly-frightened nation this past year. Their morale is generally pretty low. Nevertheless, they are, as a group, displaying more than their proportionate share of leadership and imagination.

As for hard work, I was shocked to find that I had to be on deck at 7:30 in the morning to catch a professor on his way to class. And I tagged along till after midnight with one superintendent while he attended a heavy schedule of extra-curricular formalities. Such schedules, I had always thought, are the exclusive privilege of society's drones, not its cerebral chiefs.

I found philosophers willing to take education seriously, and educators eager to test their midsummer-night's web of gossamer terms ("interest," "experience," "motivation," etc.) against the sharp challenges of disciplined thinking and semantics. At the humblest grade levels in a Palo Alto school, I found a top-flight university mathematician experimenting with the teaching of geometry in the first grade. He was uncompromising in his vocabulary; he insisted on the children being "precise." He didn't give a damn for pupil-oriented teaching theory, and he was drawing no conclusions for another year. The children, before my eyes, nevertheless were telling him how to construct triangles; and the professor sweating out their blank stares and profound silences, was getting a salutary taste of communicating at a fundamental level.

Midway between these two extremes of education's formal pyramid, I found several dozen elevations of effectiveness in meeting the theoretical, logistical and very human demands of an educational house that is bursting at the seams. I found an across-

(*Continued on page 53*)



Local family looks over weekly activity schedule in a Flint, Mich., Community School.

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Environment for Individuality

School Surroundings are Part of the Learning Process

Text and pictures from "Schoolhouse—What to Do When Your Neighborhood Needs a School," edited by Walter McQuade, sponsored by the Aluminum Company of America in cooperation with Eggers and Higgins, architects. (Simon and Schuster, Oct. 2).

—Suzanne Szasz.

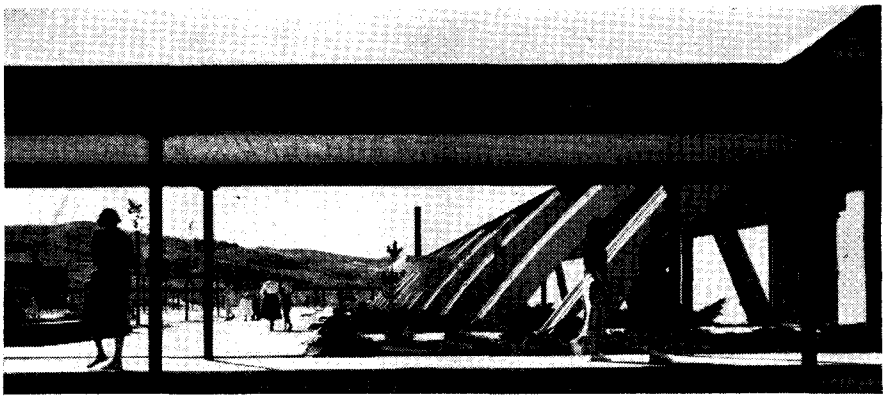
WHAT do children like about schools?

The reason children find it hard to say exactly what they like, or don't like, in their environment is not that the environment doesn't affect them. The reason, as both psychologists and teachers will tell you, is that a child has trouble separating himself from his surroundings; even when he gets into his teens he has not had enough experience to discriminate in the way a grown-up can. It is a little like expecting adults to criticize the solar system. Environment, if anything, affects a child more, simply because he does take it for granted as a part of his normal lot in life—absorbing it, soaking it in.

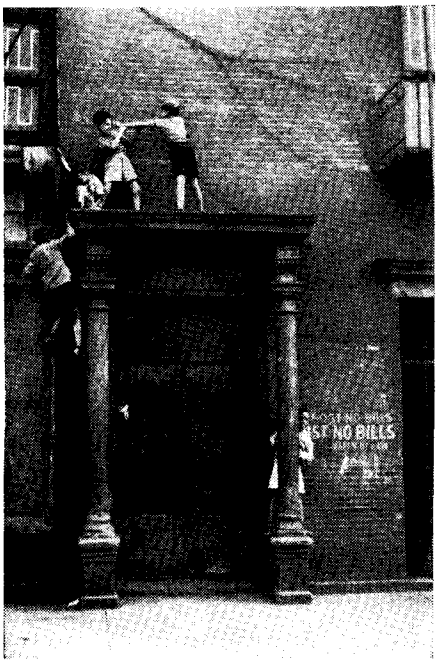
Some of the ways it affects him are quite easy to see. If it is bad, it can impede the teaching process itself, concretely and specifically: if he can't hear the teacher when a truck goes by outside; if he is too hot or too cold; if he can't see the blackboard for the glare; if his chair is uncomfortable. And if the class is too big—or even if the room is simply overcrowded—you will find the children become more restless and aggressive.

So a bad environment can impede learning. But a good environment is not just neutral. Children react to it.

With younger children, one of the things that space can do is actually *teach* them. If you ask a five-year-old what he did in kindergarten that day and he answers "play" in terribly solemn tones, you can't help smiling. But that sepulchral tone is instructive. Play *is* serious, at five, and work is play, and learning partakes of each.



—Morley Baer.



—Helen Levitt.

At five years old, children are engrossed by space; they are still finding out about the three dimensions—what it is like to be up, as in a tree or a balcony; what it is like to be down low on the floor; what it is like to be far and near, under a table or out in a wide open playfield. They like sitting in little chairs that just fit them, as if they were made just for them; and once in a while they like to be in big chairs, to see what being big must feel like.

The fact that these things are fun for a five-year-old doesn't subtract in any way from the fact that he is *learning*. While his older sister does arithmetic in third grade down the hall, he is "doing," if you like, the properties of space. Pulling a wagon up a ramp is a lesson in gravity, though even his older sister hasn't yet had that word. He is learning, too, the properties of materials, and one of the ways he learns is by touching them. Practically all young children take some kind of furry animal to bed with them. They like to feel—and learn from—all different kinds of textures: a soft, deep-piled rug; the cold slickness of glass; the roughness of brick or concrete; the tender pliancy of a growing plant.

By this kind of direct experience, a child learns not only what different things are *like*, but what his relationship to them is.

The paradoxical situation of being essentially separate, distinct, and individual, yet part of a group with its own indivisible personality, has been the preoccupation of philosophe for centuries, and a young child continually studying and testing He needs to be part of the whole gr at times; at other times break off one or two other children and g an alcove (if there is one), o couch; at times to be entire and separate, perhaps under He likes to be on one side tion and hand something on the other side, by wa a pass-through, window or gat All these things must be allowed for in a good classroom and its furnishings, which,

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like the occupants, should be somewhat complex.

Meanwhile, as five and six-year-olds are learning the difference between up and down and between individual and group, so in a more complicated way they are learning about the difference between beautiful and ugly. This is something, of course, that they learn about out of school as well as in it—and beyond the school years into adult life—and it is a difficult and important distinction. It is important not only to intellectuals. Like a feeling for people, a feeling for beauty, if it is deep and personal, transforms daily life, enriching everything we do—a walk around the block as well as a visit to a museum.

Can the physical surroundings of a school help? They can, a little. To some extent, of course, a feeling for beauty starts with the simple matter of prestige. If beauty is considered valuable and worth troubling over in the world about him, a child will breathe that in. Children are affected emotionally by architecture, and in very concrete ways. "I feel different—prettier," confessed a little girl

—*Helen Levitt.*

in a new school building that she liked. "I behave different. I don't make fun of things." Children can appreciate the way space is handled, especially when it is handled surprisingly, so that, for example, when you turn a corner you come upon an unexpected little sunlit court. They certainly can appreciate the beauty of nature, and if the view is nice they will love a glass wall—so long as the glare is killed by overhangs, louvers, other shading devices. (One third-grader remarked of his new classroom: "I like the no-glare glass except in the morning when it glares.")

* * *

The overriding problem in education today is just what it always has been—and no doubt always will be—and it can be stated very simply: after the first few enthusiastic years, the average child begins to like school less and less. The process begins in a very small way about halfway through grade school, when it is barely noticeable. But by adolescence it can be really serious. Well, what became of that enthusiasm? What changed?

—*Guy Gillette—Lensgroup.*

At about nine years of age, a child begins to feel differently about his teacher. Oh, if she is nice, and interesting, and (above all, apparently) *fair,* he will like her certainly, but the warm, dependent intimacy of the earlier years disappears. At six he will wander up to her desk during a quiet classroom moment and confide that he had a marshmallow in his cocoa at breakfast. At nine such an act would not occur to him. He is more independent now—and school correspondingly has lost some of its warmth and savor.

It has lost a lot of its spontaneity too. As a child gets older, the process of learning involves less and less the use of his entire self—his five senses, his body—and concentrates down on the mind. A kind of passivity settles over the learning process.

But beyond these essentially *teaching* problems, isn't there something baleful in the very atmosphere of school—of most schools anyway—a monotony, a kind of unhuman-ness? School is an institution, but does it have to be so institutional?

WHAT is the institutional feeling? It is the feeling of large numbers plus sameness. It is the feeling a sardine would have, if he could feel, on his way through the canning factory. It is the feeling a child gets too, in the opinion of many educators, if he sits, day after day, year after year, in a chair just like the chairs, at a desk just like the desks, of a (to him) endless number of other children.

The institutional feeling, in a word, saps the feeling of self, of personality—which is somewhat shaky in children to start with. They do not have the deep, complex sense of what they are like that a healthy adult does, and especially at adolescence, they may get pretty concerned about it. Fourteen-year-olds, discussing some one they admire, will say, "She has personality" or "a lot of personality"—not even "a good personality," but giving it a quantitative meaning, as if it were something to acquire and pile up, along with records or bobby-sox.

The remedy is of course variety. *Must* classrooms all have the same size, shape, color, fenestration, and furniture? Must a school corridor—which is not just a traffic artery, but is also a very major social center, especially for teenage children—*always* run absolutely, relentlessly inhumanly straight, without turn or indentation, for 300 yards? (Well, it sometimes seems 300 yards.) The answer is that of course it doesn't have to.

Variety is, after all, stimulating. If a person is subjected to *differences* around him, in a subtle kind of way he naturally becomes more sensitive

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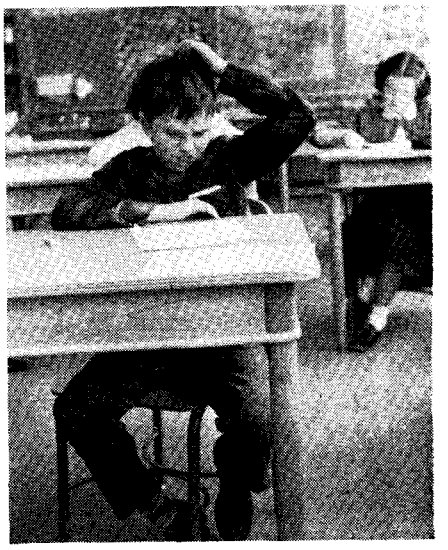

—*Emmons Williams.*

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DISCOVERING THE WHOLE MAN

The Search for Meaning

Life Offers a Unique Mission to Each One of Us

By Dr. Viktor E. Frankl, *Medical Faculty, University of Vienna.*

FREUDIAN PSYCHOANALYSIS has introduced into psychological research what is called the Pleasure Principle, or, as we might also term it, the will-to-pleasure as a motivating factor in life. Adlerian Psychology, on the other hand, stresses the role played by the will-to-power. But in my opinion man is dominated neither by the will-to-pleasure nor by the will-to-power, but what I call man's *will-to-meaning,* that is to say, his deep-seated striving and struggle for a higher and ultimate meaning to his existence. This is his mission in life—his unique task—for there is a personal task waiting for each personality to be realized exclusively by him and by him alone. Psychotherapy and, above all, education need a concept of man in steady search for meaning.

What threatens contemporary man is the alleged meaninglessness of life. When does this so often latent vacuum become manifest? In the state of boredom. Boredom is nowadays giving us more problems to solve than want. For the Second Industrial Revolution—automation—will probably lead to an enormous increase of leisure hours and many will not know what to do with all that free time. We need only think of Sunday Neurosis—that kind of depression which afflicts people who become conscious of the lack of content in their lives when the rush of the busy week stops.

There is nothing in the world, I dare say, which helps man so efficiently to survive and keep healthy as the knowledge of a life task. Thus, we can understand the wisdom in the words of Nietzche: "He who knows a Why of living surmounts almost every How." In these words I see a motto for all education.

I remember my science teacher in junior high school explaining that the life of organisms, and of man as well, was in the final analysis nothing but a process of oxidation, of combustion. I suddenly sprang to my feet and passionately threw at him the question: "If that's so, then what kind of meaning does life have?" I had grasped the truth that man exists on a different plane from, say, a candle that stands on the table and burns down until it sputters out. Every life, in every situation, retains a meaning. The so-called life not worth living does not exist.

When I was brought to the concentration camp of Auschwitz a manuscript ready to be printed was confiscated from my pocket. Certainly my wish to write this manuscript anew helped me to survive. When I fell ill one day from typhus fever, I jotted down on little scraps of paper a lot of notes destined to help me reconstruct the manuscript should I live to the day of liberation. One night, I remember, it seemed to me that I would have to die. It was then I underwent perhaps the deepest experience of my time in concentration camp. While the concern of most in the camp was; "Will we survive the camp? For, if not, all this suffering has no sense," the question for me was, "Has all this suffering, this dying around us a meaning? For, if not, then ultimately there is no sense to surviving."

Man's concern about a meaning in life is the truest expression of the state of being human. We can easily imagine highly developed animals or insects—bees or ants, say—which in many aspects of their social organization actually are superior to man. But we can never imagine any such creature raising the question of the meaning of his own existence. It is reserved for man alone to experience the whole dubiousness of being. More than such faculties as power of speech, conceptual thinking or walking erect, this factor of doubting the significance of his own existence is what sets man apart from animals.

Ultimately, man should not ask himself: what is the meaning of my life? He should realize, instead, that it is *he* who is questioned, questioned by life. It is *he* who has to answer—by answering for life!

The Goal of Maturity

Youth Is the Time to Encourage Responsibility

By Royce S. Pitkin, *President, Goddard College.*

ARE THE colleges as bad as the critics would have it seem? I think not. Certainly conditions are no worse than they were when I was a student in the Twenties. It was as easy to get into college then as it is now although a greater variety of subjects are now acceptable for admission. The inclusion of more subjects in the list acceptable for college admission continues a trend that goes back to colonial days when neither English nor chemistry were acceptable for meeting entrance requirements. It is true that many college students have difficulty in reading, that many do not think with clarity, do not write or speak effectively, especially on academic subjects, and seem bewildered by simple problems in mathematics. But the same was true of many students of my generation and those that preceded it.

Unquestionably there is also great deal of juvenilism in our co leges. Parents hear about it fro their sons and daughters home vacation, the papers spread storie it over their pages, student com tees discuss it by the hour, and de worry about it. Though there is s too much of it, it is not a new p nomenon either. The educational his torians tell us that in the early days students at Harvard, then a training school for Puritan clergy, caused distress to the faculty because they (the students) indulged in such pranks as spitting tobacco juice on classroom

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floors and using profane language.

Yes, something *is* wrong with the colleges. But those who expect the schools to turn out a generation of clearheaded, creatively minded scholars with the tools of yesterday speak as if culture were the product of the schools rather than the reverse.

The significant fact in the college situation is that the needs of the times have outstripped the development of the colleges. I am convinced that more real learning goes on in the college than used to but I am equally convinced that our standards are too low for the kind of society in which we live. The catalogs spell out the aims of the colleges in considerable detail and though some may emphasize certain values more than others it seems to be agreed that it is the function of the college (1) to help the student grow toward maturity, (2) to help him improve the quality of his thinking, (3) to enable him to identify, define and solve a variety of problems, (4) to equip him to find and use materials (books, ideas, facts, mechanical devices) appropriate to the solution of his problems.

Unhappily, too much reliance is placed on tradition and folklore and too little on a renewed understanding of the process of learning. Take a look at the procedures of the typical college which is supposed to be encouraging growth toward maturity. It spoon-feeds the young men and women who come to it starry-eyed and eager to do important things and to work with intellectually stimulating adults. At the outset of the student's college career he is denied the responsibility of thinking through the problem of selecting a program of studies with an adult, a talk that is an exercise in problem identification and solving and clear thinking. Instead he is spoon-fed with a prescribed curriculum presumably on the dubious theory that every student, regardless of his stock of knowledge, special abilities or lack of abilities or cultural background, needs precisely the same program.

The spoon-feeding is continued in ne organization of instruction. Stu- nts assemble three or four times a eek in groups, ranging from ten to eral hundred, to sit for fifty min- s to receive information as it is out to them by a member of faculty who may be a superb er but who is more likely to be nspiring and drab. Whether the turer be good or bad the chances are ten to one that the content of his lectures can be readily found in books. Little if any preparation is required of the student.

To carry the pampering further

(*Continued on page* 50)

THE AMERICAN STUDENT—A VISITING STUDENT'S VIEW:

Is He Too Far Removed from Reality?

By Djamal Yala *(The author is a twenty-seven-year-old Algerian, who went to college in France before studying at Rutgers for a year under the sponsorship of the United States National Student Association.)*

FOR most of the foreign students arriving on the American campus, the first feeling is one of being enclosed. A college, an American college, is a world within itself, "a state within the State." It has its own membership, its workers and its managers, its buildings for work, rest, entertainment, selling, and worship—I have even heard of a cemetery on a campus—and it has its own ideal, called "school spirit," and its position on the collegiate ladder of fame. The college is governed by its own set of rules, ranging from the most idealistic principles of academic freedom to regulations concerning parking.

The foreign student cannot help but wonder how an American college student, suddenly thrown at graduation from this isolated world into the broader and more complex public life, can adjust seemingly without any difficulty or waste of time. But the ability of the American people to adapt themselves will always impress the somewhat tradition-tied foreigner.

However, cut off from the outside world, the college student has little chance to live the day-to-day struggle of his people and to share their hopes and disappointments. Likewise the outside world does not appear to call upon the student for help. As a result, the student does not seek political power; he has little confidence in his personal contribution to present problems; and society seems to ignore his potential contribution.

The lack of immediate economic pressure on students explains some of the lack of political action on the American campus. There is no urgent need threatening their material comfort. Increases in tuition can, in some way, always be met.

American students do have problems, but they are not those of students in other countries who have fought wars on their country's land, or have sacrificed liberty, property, even life in order to preserve or regain their dignity. Some American students are concerned about reform of the educational system, academic freedom, Federal Aid programs, segregation, student participation in college policy making, and students' rights to discuss and write unorthodox views on political and social matters. But these are strictly student, or at most strictly academic problems.

Another reason given by students to explain their lack of interest in political action is that they are often too young. This is obviously true.

But even when the American student does vote, there is no great demand on him. On one hand, his propensity to conform affords him with a natural shield against the dilemma of a drastic choice. On the other hand, voting for an individual or his program, most of the time, he is not faced with the moral obligation to abdicate his own reserves to the political doctrine of the candidate.

More banal, but as alarming as the previous reasons is the statement that "college is a place to study" and "there is not time left for politics." College is not *only* a place to study, but also to broaden the somewhat narrow scope of scholastic training and to apply it immediately to campus and community. The University is already too isolated from the world and this would isolate it further.

Yet the American student is faced with discovering and giving practical meaning to new values in his society, a society in which "conformism" is a synonym for "tolerance"; "apathy" for "self-restraint"; and "swamp conviction" for "good citizenship." While it is democratic to tolerate diversity, the American student could more actively support those who are persecuted for their divergence from group values, ideas or patterns. While they may accept self-restraint as one of the requirements of life in a community, they could meet the challenges of society with a sense of constant progress, instead of following the stream.

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Developing Emotions

Values, as well as Intellect, Need Cultivation

By Dr. John MacMurray, *Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Edinburgh.*

"THE HEART has its reasons" said Pascal, "which reason does not know." The paradox arises because Pascal, like ourselves, works with a contrast, even with an opposition, between reason and emotion. The emotions, we suppose, are irrational. They are what they are. Nothing can change them. So, in our educational practice, we concentrate upon the development of "reason," and trust to this "reason" to control, or to suppress, the manifestations of emotion. The idea of educating the emotions then seems very odd.

Now this contrast is false.

And if we think that emotion is irrational, and make no attempt to train and cultivate it, it will remain crude and childish. Then it will have to be suppressed, and the more severely it is suppressed, the cruder it will become.

The proper contrast is between intellect—not reason—and emotion; or more precisely between the intellectual and the emotional aspects of our reflective experience. Reason is a character of our human experience as a whole. It is what distinguishes us from animals, and this is by no means limited to the logical processes of thought. There is, of course, a rationality of thought; but there is also a rationality of feeling.

Our capacity to think logically can be thrown out of gear by unbalanced emotions, no doubt, but it requires tranquil emotion to sustain it. The lunatic, who has lost his reason, is often superbly logical. What is the matter with him is that he is *emotionally* deranged. Probably the reason for the persistence of the notion that emotions are irrational is that we identify emotion with outbursts of anger or panic or passion, which are normally suppressed. But these are emotional disturbances and their excessiveness is their irrationality. We forget the quiet emotions.

A thought is rational when it fits accurately the object or the situation to which it refers. An emotion is rational in precisely the same sense. Most of us suffer at times from irrational fears, and what makes them irrational is that they do not fit their occasion. In distinguishing thus between intellect and emotion, and recognizing the peculiar rationality of each, we have to beware of imagining that the two are separable. There is no human activity, whether practical or theoretical, which does not involve both. Speaking generally, thinking is concerned with fact, emotion with value. In our actions, therefore, it is emotion which determines the ends at which we aim, and intellect which decides the means necessary to their attainment.

To educate the intellect is, then, to cultivate our capacity to achieve our ends; but our capacity to choose our ends properly must depend on the education of the emotions. This is why our concentration on the education of what we call "reason" led to the vast increase of power provided by science, but without a corresponding increase of wisdom in its use.

How can the emotions be educated? In the first place, by the refinement of sense-experience. The senses are our avenues of contact with the world. Our use of them is the starting-point both of our intellectual and of our emotional activity.

Such an attitude might be called "pragmatic." On the other hand, our attitude to the world may be "contemplative." In that case we seek not to use but to enjoy the world. We live in our senses instead of using them to provide useful information. We see for the sake of seeing and listen for the joy of hearing, as when we watch a brilliant sunset or listen to the singing of birds. Now this way of using our senses does not lead to intellectual activity, to abstracting and classifying and drawing inferences. It leads instead to an emotional activity of discrimination and valuation. We might say that in this attitude we experience the world aesthetically, and not scientifically.

The capacity to live in the senses can be cultivated, and mainly by exercise. To cultivate it means to develop an increasing fineness and subtlety of sensory discrimination. The inevitable accompaniment of this is a growing power of accurate

(*Continued on page* 52)

Living for Others

We Must Inspire the Idea of Service to Mankind

By Frank C. Laubach, *Educator, Author, and Missionary.*

EDUCATION has been made sick by people who have wanted to use its opportunities for their own advantage. They have been willing to milk it dry to get everything for themselves, "leaving the devil to take the hindmost." About three-quarters of the world turn out to be "hindmost." So I want to look at the question of improved education, from the viewpoint of producing more human beings who will have a strong, unshakable passion to help the world.

Our prevailing ethics is "enlightened self-interest." Our present educational system fosters ambition to win, even though other people may lose. So long as the world is ruled by "self-firsters" it will grow increasingly sick.

If we ask what the world needs in the way of education, this is the answer: It needs an educational pattern that will inspire youth to yearn to live for the largest "cause," to "join the human race" and make a better world. But the *desire* to help the world is not enough. Without the *knowledge* of what to do and how to do it, well-meaning persons often do more harm than good. So education must include not only the *will* to serve, but the knowledge of what is needed.

Yet I have never seen a single book which answers the most burning question in the mind of a student with a world vision—"Where do they need me most? How do I begin?" So I would place above all other courses in the new education, one on the "Geography of World Need It ought to be comprehensi enough so that it would answer question of students of all aptitud how they could use their spe gifts to help the world, and just wh they could find channels.

This does not apply only to pupils now in school. It applies to millions of older persons as well. In September 1956, President Eisenhower pled with the people of the Unted States to organize a "People to People" movement, entirely free from the government, which could reach down among the dangerous, desperate hungry three-fourths of the human race

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where the government itself can seldom penetrate. We have enough unused human resources in our country to reach around the world and lift it out of the hunger and hate which now imperil it. So we need an adult educational program which will answer the question of millions, "How can I employ my talents to help save my sick world?" I believe there are enough *retired people* in the United States to change the course of history, if they could be mobilized and trained. A million tourists go around the world each year but they are not trained and they are not guided in helping to turn the wave of hatred into a wave of love. We have a million soldiers stationed about the world practicing shooting and flying jet planes; but they have almost no education in what the world really needs and in how to meet that need.

There is a third educational need more urgent than improving our American schools. This is to lift the billion illiterate, hungry people of Asia and Africa and Latin America who are outside of the Iron Curtain.

On the Communist side of the Iron Curtain are approximately a billion people, and they are educating every man, woman and child in Russia and China in an intense totalitarian, ruthless drive to make those countries as literate as any in the world. Russia is as literate as the United States. China recently adopted a perfect Roman alphabet, one of the easiest in the world, and in all likelihood will become as literate as the United States within the next twenty years.

But what are we doing for the billion illiterates on our side of the Iron Curtain? Almost nothing: we are focusing our attention upon 170 million persons in the United States, neglecting a billion people who are outside the Iron Curtain in Asia and Africa. We must find another method to teach that billion which will be as effective as ruthless totalitarianism is in Russia and China. Where shall we turn for such a method? We have a ear monopoly on television, and are l out ahead of the whole world in mastery of visual aids. We d, if we desired, teach all the le of the illiterate areas of the to read and reach to the precious secrets that would them to help themselves up out r hunger and disease and des-

do launch a world-wide edu- nal program, our major emphasis all over the world must be the same as it ought to be here in this country—"Love your neighbor as yourself," not in word but in deed and in truth.

THE AMERICAN STUDENT—A TEACHER'S VIEW:

Is His Talent Too Uncontrolled?

By Wallace Stegner, *Department of English, Stanford University.*

YEARS of trying to teach young people to write have given me a few general impressions: that talent is common—more common than the ability to control it; that it is as hard to keep a real and disciplined talent from recognition as it is to hold a gas-filled balloon under water; and that there are numerous ways, some of them quite ingenious, of failing. Pass by the failures of sensibility or intelligence, since without these indispensable raw materials no training can avail. But even when talent is present, people can fail to become the writers they might have been.

College classes are popularly supposed to impose on their victims an excess of barren technique, a strait-jacket of orthodoxy. In practice it is quite otherwise. Some of the talented youngsters one sees are all but ineducable, and often it is their talent, or their consciousness of it, that makes them so.

Consider the student who is what one might call "illiterate on principle." It is his good-natured and superior conviction that discriminations of language are hobgoblins of little minds. You may copy-read the manuscripts of this boy for three years and not alter his practices by a hair. He has insights, awareness, understanding of people, a knack of making a story move, but his talent goes always in dirty jeans. His ideas are made ambiguous by his plain inability to use words with precision.

This is the writer who cuddles what I heard Hortense Calisher cursing the other day as the "chummy" or "join me" use of "like": "It was like I couldn't get my wind at all, like my guts were all wrapped around my lungs and squeezing them." He is a sucker for jargon and neologisms; he does not flinch—at least ear-wise—before modern-type diction; he contacts his publisher and structures his novel; he would only stare if you asked him what case the subject of a gerund should be in; he cannot tell a conjunctive adverb from trench mouth, much less from a co-ordinating conjunction.

In the same class with him may be his spiritual opposite, who has taken what in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf was a clear virtue, and by excess transformed it into a vice. She uses her sensibility not as a tool but as an end; she seems to cry, "Look, Ma! No skin!" In her, style becomes preciosity, obliquity becomes obscurity, subjectivity moves toward self-obsession, and sensitivity, the cherished darling, is perilously close to narcissism.

If a writer is a scout we send out in advance to observe and report, how shall we take it when she comes in and says, "Oh, I have news for you, I have news for you! I went out ten miles, and there . . . You know how well I see, how sharply, with what microscopic precision. I was always able to see the little star next to the Pole Star when others couldn't. And you know how what I see affects me. I could hardly breathe as I lay out there alone. My heart buzzed in my breast like a hurt insect in the grass. The great sky belled over, immensely pure, and I was reminded of childhood days at Burping—dear old Burping-on-Bank, Herts—that protected green world on whose hills I often lay as I lay today, exposed under the aching purity of sky, to watch people, animals, wagons, moving in the village below. I felt then how some great Eye might be watching me as I watched them—everything so marvelously, tenderly still."

Yes, you say, but what did you *see* out there? We don't need corroboration of your sensitivity; that was your qualification for the job. We want the sensitivity applied to the problem of observation.

The school of excess or hair-down sensibility polishes and hangs up for admiration the weapons that were meant for war. It is perhaps not quite so demoralizing to try to teach a Craig's Wife with a dustrag as it is to try to teach a savage with a club, but any writing teacher has probably looked into the beady eyes of both, and wondered.

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The Creative Spark

Talent Is Responsive to Recognition and Prestige

By Arthur Bronwell, *President, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.*

EDUCATION plays a central role in the intellectual preparation and in the lifting of the sights and goals of youth. It is through education that individuals gain their deeper insights of knowledge and the capacities which enable them to make distinctive contributions to society. It is still possible, as it always has been, for brilliant young minds to move quickly and efficiently to the creative frontiers of knowledge where they can make distinctive contributions. But all too often the brilliant young people are found plodding along the ancient and dusty trails, seldom lifting their visions to the distant goals where lie the great inspirations and the glowing promises of distinctive achievement.

Today we hear much about vanishing individualism and the growing instinct among young people to conform. The truth of the matter, however, is that as a society, we have not been very imaginative in developing the kind of opportunities and incentives which will trigger human motivations and which will inspire young people to express their creative talents. To youth there is little glory or honor in doing the same things that everybody else does, but merely doing them a little better.

Talented young people are seldom content merely to be educated, *per se.* To youth this is a static goal and youth wants to be creatively dynamic. It wants to burst forth with its own self-inspired expression of ideas and ideals. When this happens to an individual, he becomes fired with imagination and self-inspiration which, if properly cultivated, can soar to great heights. But where in our society or in our educational system does youth find the outlets, the encouragement and incentives for this kind of creative expression?

In the colleges and universities of America there are many talented young people who are vitally concerned about the problems of our times and who have the intellectual capacities to make distinctive contributions to creative thought. With encouragement and opportunities they might well launch out in endeavors which would later blossom forth into new dimensions of knowledge and understanding. But the individual is frustrated—frustrated because he cannot find vital and challenging outlets for the expression of his own creative drives.

Oh, of course, there is the social action committee at the local church, where one can balance India on one knee and a cup of tea on the other. Or there is the college debating society where he can debate the same issue over and over again ad nauseam for a whole season; or the local essay writing contest where a few kind words will be spoken over the corpse of the victor.

But to the kind of mentality of which I speak, these are shallow, superficial outlets. In other words, I am speaking of the individual who would work intensively with powerful and sustained drives, if he could only find an outlet where his efforts stand even a remote chance of being significantly recognized.

Can we find ways to release the talents, the individuality and the creative powers of youth? I think we can. Let me cite as one example: the nationwide Science Fair program which has been highly successful in stimulating hundreds of thousands of youthful minds to the highest levels of creative expression. This year, more than 200,000 students in high

The American Foundation: Conserver or Pacemaker?

By Kenneth J. Brown, *Executive Director, the Danforth Foundation.*

MY EXPERIENCE as the director of an educational foundation is limited to eight years. Previous to this role I sat on the other side of the desk, seeking to win foundation approval and support for my institution's needs. One of the major disappointments of these recent years has been the frequency of the unimaginative, uncreative unforeseeing requests from the colleges. Happily there are the encouraging exceptions; there are the college presidents who have unfulfilled dreams for their institutions and they write inviting help to realize soundly creative plans.

At present there are about 7,000 known foundations, with assets of approximately eight billion dollars. Omitting the three largest foundations —Ford, Rockefeller and Carnegie— one still has impressive resources conservatively estimated at forty-two hundred million dollars. The annual income from the investments of all foundations is approximately six hundred million dollars.

Foundations devoted wholly or partially to educational needs and opportunities, with income which must be spent within a relatively short life following its earning, face three possibilities.

First, they may support education, prospering the respectably established, the conventional and the accepted. So far as this easy giving reinforces mediocrity—and beyond question some of it does—it deserves rebuke. The criticism is frequently made of foundation directors, and sometimes deservingly made, that it is we not the institutions who are without imagination, with eyes glued on education's yesterday, scarcely mindful of education's today, and totally indifferent to education's tomorrow. Most certainly there is much to be proud of in our present system of education. The college and the university deserve both congratulations for a most difficult job generally well done and the public's continuing support that the job in the future will be still better done. But it is deeply to be hoped that the sanctification of the established may never become a major end of foundation benefits.

The educational foundation has, or ought to have in my judgment, a higher objective than the sustaining of existing patterns of education worthy and splendid though many them be, and completely deserving the home-sources of financial a The educational foundation has a sponsibility to education in gene rather than to the program of any single institution.

The second possibility which the foundation administrator and trustee faces is the encouragement of institutional experimentation. The wid awake president has plans which ar waiting for financial underwriting;

(*Continued on page* 56)

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schools throughout the nation have prepared scientific experiments for exhibition in contests in local high schools. The winners go on to regional and national competition. For months, many thousands of young people in high schools all over the country are totally absorbed in their spare hours, trying to create distinctive exhibits and to learn more about underlying scientific principles. The satisfactions gained by contestants far exceed those of most of their formal education.

This program is demonstrating that talented young people have a strong inner urge to express their creative instincts, to be individuals, to break loose from the herd. This kind of program also provides the element of competition which greatly intensifies human drives. The individual performs better and is more highly motivated when he is in competition with others and his efforts are rewarded with public recognition. Finally, the contestant gains great personal satisfaction in the power of the knowledge which he has acquired. Since this knowledge is directed toward his ultimate purpose in life, it gives him a feeling of great encouragement in his personal ambitions.

Can we achieve similar injections of self-expression in other fields? I believe that we can. Assume, for example, that the United States Congress were to set aside three or four days a year, convenient to its schedule, and invite brilliant young people, competitively selected, one from each state in the Union, to debate on the Senate floor one or more of the great issues of our times. If televised, it would be a most thrilling experience for the American people to see its talented youth in action. It would bring to public attention the intellectual and leadership qualities of some of our nation's most brilliant young people.

It is a sad commentary on our system of values to have to confess that the most powerfully inspired activities in college are sports. Many a teacher, observing the indomitable drives and the intensity of effort of a student on the football field, has secretly wished that he could capture just a small fraction of that motivation for intellectual development. Intercollegiate sports serve a useful purpose and I do not wish to deprecate them. But why should the intellectual and creative accomplishments shrivel into such insignificance?

It was Plato who said, in essence, that that which is glorified in a nation will flourish. With a little originality of thought, our society could open the flood gates and let youthful individualism pour forth.

THE AMERICAN STUDENT—A VISITING PROFESSOR'S VIEW:

Is He Lacking in Intellectual "Drive"?

By Herbert Butterfield, *Master of Peterhouse College, Cambridge.*

MY AMERICAN friends had often told me that I ought to visit one of the small liberal arts colleges in the United States, so I was delighted to be asked to Wabash and Hanover, in Indiana.

For a man from an English university the surprises are many. At Wabash College and in Hanover the day begins at eight o'clock, whereas an English undergraduate feels himself unfortunate if there are many days in the week on which he has to go to a lecture as early as nine. Dinner is an hour or two earlier than in England; and it takes place, not in a College Hall, but in Fraternity Houses, where to the amazement and joy of a visitor, the young students who act as his hosts are liable to break out into song during the meal itself.

Whereas in England there is what I should call a friendly respectfulness between students and faculty, there is in the United States—at least in small colleges—an affectionate and not unattractive kind of nonchalance, the student manner being unpolished at times, but engaging in its freedom and frankness. At Wabash and Hanover the college is self-complete. Here the students can generally know one another and feel that they form a single society.

Some colossal universities give one an impression of anarchy—a sense of seething masses, living regardless of one another, attending a class but then dispersing to all points of the compass, so that neither the visiting outsider nor the actual member of the body can ever embrace the whole system with his mind. I came to the conclusion that it is a very happy thing to belong to a small college.

The American student begins his college career with much less background than an English undergraduate; but he does not necessarily lack ingenuity in debate, and he gains more than the formal teaching of the college can quite account for, since undergraduates do so much for the education of one another. In Hanover, an undergraduate from Korea pressed me in a brilliant manner on the subject of some of the most subtle of the argumentation in my theoretical writings; and, having been accustomed to the way in which even professional colleagues have misunderstood that argumentation, I was delighted to see an undergraduate who had not only caught my meaning, but rapidly seized upon its remoter implications.

I am not sure, however, that so small a college, though it seems to me so happy for the undergraduate, is not in certain respects difficult for members of the staff. These latter have certain advantages; they are not locked away in vast departments of their own; the physicist and the historian, the classical scholar and the economist, are constantly rubbing shoulders, benefitting from intellectual friction and intellectual exchange. On the other hand, there are not so many historians or so many physicists on the spot, keeping one another on their toes, as we find in the great universities. The very friendliness of the place—the kind of family spirit that emerges so attractively—may even have its disadvantageous side if it helps to produce low pressure or prevents the elastic from being kept at stretch.

I wonder what would happen if the virtues of an American education could be combined with that peculiar "drive" which is often imparted to the English student in his last years at school, particularly when he is preparing for university scholarships. I think that occasionally in England this intensification of study is carried too far; and sometimes as a teacher of history in Cambridge I have found freshmen so crammed and so over-taught in history that for a term, or even longer, I have had to keep them away from history altogether.

The greatest thing that a teacher can do for a student is not to teach him—not to transfer information from his own mind into the student's mind—but to communicate to him that "drive" which carries him forward on a process of autonomous self-education. If this could be added to American education in the later years of school life the result would be very remarkable indeed.

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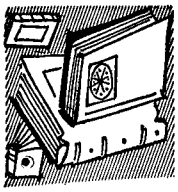

New Books on Education

Three Reports on Today's Pressing School Problems

Better High Schools

"The High School in a New Era," edited by Francis S. Chase and Harold A. Anderson *(University of Chicago Press. 465 pp. $5.75), explores the present needs of education and suggests means by which these needs can be met.* SR's *reviewer is Kenneth E. Oberholtzer, superintendent of schools in Denver, Colorado.*

By Kenneth E. Oberholtzer

THIS book is essentially a printing of the papers presented at the Conference on the American High School held at the University of Chicago, October 28-30, 1957. The editors, Francis S. Chase and Harold A. Anderson of the Department of Education, University of Chicago, have organized the studies into seven sections, a method of presentation which reflects the complexity of any thorough discussion of the American high school and makes the reading of the reports interesting.

The conference, sponsored by the University of Chicago in collaboration with the National Citizens Council for Better Schools, was principally "designed to stimulate creative thought about the possibilities for school improvement rather than to reach any fixed conclusions with regard to what our schools should be." Nevertheless, many of the papers are rather conclusive in their advocacy of changes which should take place in the high school. There is ample documentation and example to provide not only a good basis of discussion, but also incentive for study and further reading by professional and lay people.

This is not a college textbook, though most of the papers were presented by men actively associated with schools or colleges. Persons interested in a comprehensive and yet temperate look at the role of the high school will find this book highly satisfying. Absent is any trace of the recent polemic literature that has appeared at some other meetings.

In *The Saturday Review* for August 16, 1958, Marshall Fishwick wrote: "America is not so much a nation or a people as a search." The American high school varies from less than twenty-five pupils to more than 10,000, from rural to urban scenes, from general education to a very special education, from almost wholly college-preparatory to wholly vocational. In one sense, the American high school is a search for an education appropriate to the youth who will be voting citizens tomorrow. The search started formally with the establishment of the English High School in Boston in 1821 and it goes on today. An important milestone in the development of the secondary school was the Kalamazoo Decision, given by the Supreme Court of Michigan in 1874, which cleared the way for its increased public support. From an enrollment of about seven per cent of fourteen- to seventeen-year-olds in 1890, the high school has grown to an enrollment of more than eighty per cent of that age group today.

The first paper in the book, "A Historian Looks at the American High School," by Henry Steele Commager, is the sort of perspective that is needed most in the current discussion of the American high school. Excellent as it is, however, it omits some essential history. No adequate consideration of the American high school can be given without some acquaintance with at least four reports that are either given little attention or none at all in conference papers. They are, in order of publication:

U.S. Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education: **"Report of the Committee on Secondary Studies Appointed at the Meeting of the National Education Association, July 9, 1892."** (Washington, D.C.: Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, 1893.) Known in professional circles as the "Report of the Committee of Ten."

U.S. Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education: **"Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education. A Report of the Commission on the Reorganization of Secondary Education Appointed by the National Education Association."** (Washington, D.C.: Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, 1918.) Known in professional circles as the "Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education."

Educational Policies Commission: **"The Purposes of Education in American Democracy."** (Washington, D.C.: The National Education Assn. 1938.)

"Behavioral Goals of General Education in High Schools," by Will French and Assoc. (New York: The Russell Sage Foundation, 1957.)

"The High School in a New Era" is well worth reading by thoughtful citizens in both professional and lay circles as a contribution in the field of comprehensive analysis. It is an excellent report of one of the most outstanding national conferences on the American high school.

● *Schools are a part of society, but they should not be a complete mirror of society. They should offer not a repetition of experience but a challenge to, and an extension of, experience. They are not a tranquilizer but a conscience for society. Yet at a time when schools are in a better position to emancipate themselves from community pressures than ever before and when the necessity of challenge and experimentation is perhaps stronger than ever before, our schools seem to make a fetish of adaptation and conformity.*

● *Fear of political interference in education is deep-seated and understandable. But so far as the record shows, the national government has not been more guilty than have the local or state governments of interference with intellectual freedom; it has been less guilty. The task of educators is not to bewail the inadequacy of local funds and fight to the death against the threat of federal appropriations which may carry with them improper controls. Their task is to find whatever money is necessary to do the job of education as it should be done and to educate legislators and administrators, local and national alike, to the perils of improper interference. There is no evidence that this cannot be done. . . . It has not even been tried in our country, and it is time that American educators abandon the unmanly practice of scaring themselves with bugaboos of national politics and addressed themselves to the task of educating and civilizing the political processes.*

—From *"A Historian Looks at the High School," by Henry Steele Commager in* The High School in a New Era.

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Basic Needs

"The Pursuit of Excellence: Education and the Future of America" *(Rockefeller Brothers Fund. 49 pp. 75¢ paperback) is a report on the essential nature of contemporary education and its most pressing problems. It is reviewed by Frank C. Abbott, who is a staff associate at the American Council on Education.*

By Frank C. Abbott

IN THE past year many prescriptions for our schools and colleges have been offered, some by individuals who are "experts" chiefly because they come to their subject from great distances, others by persons and groups that have made genuine attempts to get all the facts.

None of the many group statements has probed more deeply the underlying objectives of American education in relation to contemporary society than "The Pursuit of Excellence: Education and the Future of America," fourth in the series of seven projected essays in the Rockefeller Brothers Fund "America at Mid-Century Series."

The essence of this report involves basic values more than educational structures. "Excellence" as here defined "is a product of ability and motivation and character"; it is a quality to which all can aspire and in some form attain, hence a moral condition rather than a state that is reserved to an elite chosen by objective tests and scoring machines. The report is a challenge to every person, regardless of age or talent, to upgrade his expectations of himself.

It is primarily in the schools that people discover their capacities and find help in learning how to develop them. A basic present need is an education that stresses and nurtures creativity and maximum performance, one that frees the individual from ceilings that tend to be placed upon these qualities by the very nature of modern life.

The education panel touches upon the portent for schools and colleges of population projections and related considerations. It discusses problems in the recruitment, preparation, and deployment of teachers. Touching upon the curriculum, it urges in particular that more attention be accorded the able student at the high school level. The report deals pointedly with the demand in science for "quality . . . in considerable quantity" and the need for laymen who are literate in science. It considers problems in the identification and encouragement of varying talents; and, on the premise that "what constitutes opportunity for one man is a stone wall for another," stresses the necessity for many kinds of educational programs to meet different types and levels of ability.

Major attention is given to educational financing. While the point is made that there must be a "simultaneous exploration of numerous paths" to adequate financing, the panel is especially interested in the problems of enlarged governmental, particularly federal, support that probes beneath the stereotypes.

Creativity and individual attainment are influenced not only by the schools but by popular attitudes and environmental conditions that bear upon man before he goes to school, while he is in school, and after he leaves school for the world of work. The panel's observations on these important facts have special relevance for those with administrative responsibilities in every line of work, for the individuals within an organization are in a larger degree dependent upon the administrators for the opportunity to be creative and for the urge to work up to capacity.

The Rockefeller report provides a vital resource of ideas and insights for those of us in and out of education who must do our share if the schools are to preserve "the stern ideals that a free people set themselves."

The Educators Speak

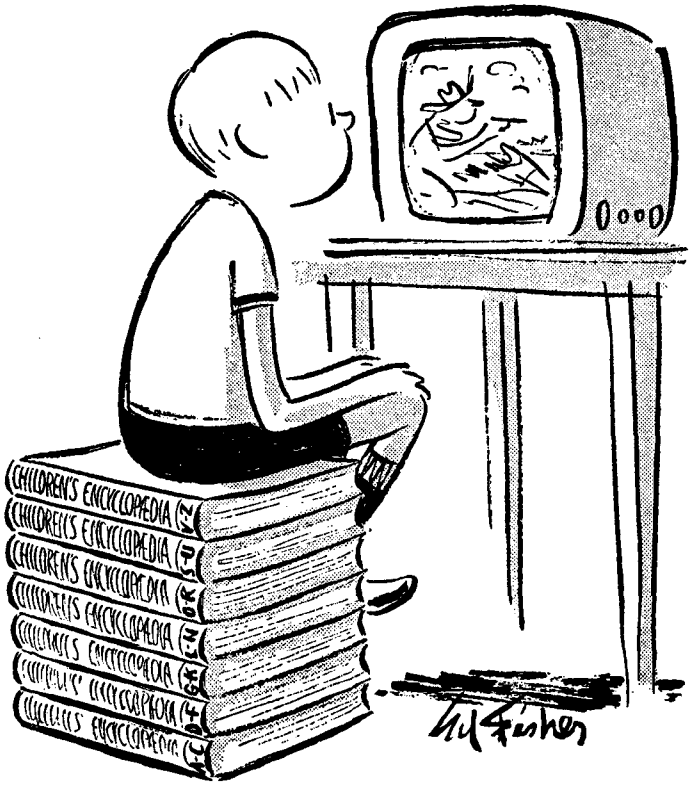
"Public Education in America," edited by George Z. F. Bereday and Luigi Volpicelli *(Harper. 212 pp. $4), is a collection of essays by leading educators who consider the functions and accomplishments of education in the United States. Edward D. Eddy, Jr., vice president and provost of the University of New Hampshire, considers the study for us.*

By Edward D. Eddy, Jr.

IN THIS volume the professional educator jumps to the defense of the American system of education. Unfortunately, however, the book offers little more than a restatement of the position commonly held among those now responsible for teacher training. (Nine of the articles, for instance, were written by faculty members of Teachers College at Columbia University.)

Too often the overgeneralized criticisms of present-day educational practices are answered by further generalities. We are told time and again of the bases for our educational system in equality of opportunity and local control. These are important to remember but today's practices cannot continue to rest alone on the comforting statements of our founding fathers; we need "A New Interpreta-

(Continued on page 47)



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Conquering Inner Space

Editor's Note: *The following guest-editorial was written by Dr. Glenn Olds, President of Springfield College, Springfield, Mass. Dr. Olds acted as special consultant to the editors of* Saturday Review *for this year's Accent on Education Issue.*

REVOLUTIONS in man's conquest of space come swiftly, but they are long in preparation. Behind dramatic discovery lies patient and painful preparation which is the process of education. The genius in man lies in his ability to grasp swiftly the import of every new venture into space and to change accordingly. In a few short months since Sputnik man's mind has leaped from missiles to men, and already the imaginative draw blueprints for missile drive-ins to the moon.

Man's problem lies in the deeper preparation, in the slower domestication of the complex dimensions of the space of his life. Even before Euclid men knew there were at least two sides to space. Indeed, they linked in myth and ritual outer and inner space, stellar space that bound earth and star into a universe, and inner human space that bound man and man into community. The laws of the former they knew to be mathematical, the latter, moral. Both were awe-ful, and the fate of man turned on mastering them simultaneously. Education was designed to keep these two domains of space together and complementary.

The temptation of our Sputnik-minded space age, and indeed our education, to support it, is to dismiss this ancient wisdom as primitive superstition, to drive an even deeper wedge between the mathematical and the moral, the scientific mastery of outer space and the moral failure to span the inner distance between man and man and nation and nation in a responsible human community. No one in his right mind would advocate surrender of scientific successes in conquering outer space, but who shall attend to its moral complement? The Copernican Revolution which broke with the ego-centric Ptolemaic view that the sun and stars revolved around the earth was long in preparation, but it came. Our conquest of outer space reaps the harvest of this shift in perspective. But where is the Copernican Revolution in morality? Where is the break with the ego-centric Ptolemaic mentality in human affairs? Must this inner space continue to be peopled with imaginative dragons of strange color and dropping off places that confine the moral venture to the shallow water of one's own mainland or adjacent islands of narrow self-interest? Must the haunting emptiness of inner space isolating man from man and nation from nation continue to be the dominant theme of poet, prophet, and philosopher in our time?

PREPARATION for the healing of this breach in man's mastery of outer and inner space is a primary task of our time and central mission of education. It may lack the drama of the launching of a new satellite, but it is just as risky and even more essential to human survival. Present plans for undergirding the sciences, mathematics, and languages, important as they are, do *not* insure even a *minimal* morality essential to human community. For this, a radical orientation to other dimensions of education is required.

Orientation of education toward the conquest of inner space essential to complement our present mastery of outer space would mean emphasis on the meaning of persons in their unique inner space comparable to that now given to the measuring of common objects in outer space. It would mean as much radical research in the motivation and meaning of morality as we now give to the mastery and possession of materials. It would mean the weaning of the mind from its hypnotic fascination with bigness and masses born of preoccupation with outer space, and the cultivation of a new regard for the spacious interior integrity of the smallest domain of personal responsibility. It would mean creating a new climate of moral adventure and daring in human affairs to match the excitement of missions to the moon. It would mean the same discipline of discovery, the same openness to public review, the same confidence in the vitality of truth in the moral sphere as we now give the mathematical. It would mean the same patience with the slow and secret unfolding of moral selfhood, the same delicate care in the launching of life, as we now give the launching of a missile. It would mean cultivating the sense of mingled desperation and hope in every effort to link man with man and nation with nation that now qualifies every effort to link earth with outer space. It would mean finally, courage to put our money where our mouth is, to begin to pay for what we preach.

We speak glibly of the values we prize, but what preparation do we provide? By now, we should know there can be no significant human life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness without the conquest of inner space. Yet, shifts, here too, come swiftly, even if they are long in preparation. The Copernican Revolution in the disposition of the mind and heart and the conduct of human affairs is long overdue. It remains to be seen whether there are enough moral certainties, or better, certainties about morality, left in education to bring it about. But, of this we may be sure, education has no higher calling in our time than this, whether or not Congress appropriates accordingly. It may not be long before we have a missile circling the moon. How much longer can we afford to wait for human community to circle the earth? —Glenn Olds.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE *STATE-PRESS*

I AM AFRAID that Bruce Catton's "Journalism on Crusade" (*SR* July 26) overlooks an important point in naming the *Arkansas Gazette* to such importance as a crusader during the Little Rock incident: Arkansas's most consistent crusader, *The Arkansas State Press*. The *State Press* is a small Negro weekly, edited and published by Mr. and Mrs. Bates, which has fought against human injustice and segregation since its beginning in the Forties. It has suffered white-supremacy pressures without letup, but it has never wavered from the dedicated fight against segregation. In fact, Mr. Bates has been instrumental in pursuing integration in the Arkansas schools.

MARC JOHNSON.

Cincinnati, O.

THE TORO'S TAIL

IN THE AUGUST 16th issue, Kenneth Tynan attempted to review the novel "Arena" by Charles Grayson. One of the "gaffes" Tynan accuses Grayson of is that tails are never awarded as trophies in Madrid. In "The Death of Manolete," Barnaby Conrad cites at least four times that Manolete was awarded tails in Madrid.

ROBERT H. HARBRIDGE.

Downey, Calif.

NO NOBILITY IN TORTURE

REFERRING to the praise of Barnaby Conrad's "Death of Manolete" (*SR* July 26) no doubt there was "ritualistic beauty" and a "moment of truth" in human sacrifice. Perhaps modern civilized man is being deprived of an esthetic experience. As for myself I see nothing noble or worthy of pride in torturing a supposedly less intelligent creature than one's self.

RUTH FISHER.

Aurora, N. Y.

PHOENIX RISES

WHAT A WONDERFUL surprise! HURRAH FOR MARTIN LEVIN AND THE "PHOENIX NEST."

JOYCE CLARK.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

SHADES OF MORLEY

I HAVE BEEN waiting and watching—was the July 19 appearance of the "Phoenix Nest" only a teaser? Please—more. Shades of Christopher Morley!

CORINNE TENNYSON DAVIDS.

Manchester, Vt.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Phoenix Nest" is now a regular* SR *feature appearing the third issue of each month.*

FAIR UNFAIR?

IN THE "Positively the Last Word on the Fair" by Horace Sutton (*SR* Aug. 16), I read of the removal of one of our exhibits called "The Unfinished Work." According to the article, the only people that objected to this exhibit were a group of Southern U. S. Congressmen. To them I say the following: "One must realize that the U. S. Pavilion exhibits the American way of life. This should include the problems we face also. If you worried as much about the problems as you worry about what others say, you would be well on your way to solve them."

E. D. THUMA.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

LOLITA DEFENDED

I MUST PROTEST your treatment of Nabokov's "Lolita" (*SR* Aug. 16). Mr. Hicks has provided judicious comments on the sundry issues involved in condemnation of similar novels as immoral, but only in the last four paragraphs does he purport to deal with the literary merits of "Lolita." If it is, as Mr. Hicks tentatively suggests, primarily a "curiosity," surely the least it deserves is a review of its calibre as literature, rather than a page of irrelevant and quixotic sentiments.

PAUL S. TURNER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

CORRECT IMAGE

I FELT A LITTLE surprised to read Henry Hatfield's review of Erika Mann's book about her father, Thomas Mann (*SR* Aug. 16). Purely as a statement I think it is a little commonplace for a serious reviewer to say that different points of view may shape a very different image of a genius. It seems to me that Miss Mann is by education and closeness to her late father in a very good position to give us as "correct" an image of him as will ever be possible in human relations and perplexities.

MRS. F. HEINEMANN.

Morton, Pa.

RETAKES ON WAR

ARTHUR KNIGHT'S movie review of "The Naked and The Dead" (*SR* Aug. 9) in which he points out that Hollywood has made notable failures in filming re-creations of the late war brings to mind some other notable Hollywood failures. John Huston, after much planning, attempted to photograph the battle of San Pietro. Nevertheless, this excellent film was shot after the battle was over. Darryl Zanuck's highly touted film, "At the Front in North Africa," was mostly filmed in the Mojave Desert, again a re-creation of a battle, after failures in actual combat photography. As a combat motion picture photographer in World War II, it was my job to get, according to orders, "realistic pictures of frontline action." From a distance of no more than a hundred yards from exploding shells and grenades. In one of the hottest fire fights that I experienced in the Okinawa campaign, there was absolutely nothing to photograph!

WILLIAM M. BRANHAM.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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T. S. Eliot at Seventy

Britain's distinguished poet-playwright will attain his three-score-and-ten on September 26. The occasion is marked by the opening of his newest play in Edinburgh and publication in America of a commemorative volume of essays, edited by Neville Braybrooke. Both are reviewed here. Mr. Eliot, himself, also reflects on both the past and the future in an interview with SR*'s theatre critic, Henry Hewes.*

His New Play:

"The Elder Statesman"

EDINBURGH.

TO THOSE who think of T. S. Eliot as clever, cynical, despairing, and enigmatic, his newest play — "The Elder Statesman" — will seem disappointingly simple and much too full of the milk of human kindness. And to any sophisticated playgoer the "official" opening of it at the Edinburgh Festival may have seemed a static and conventional production.

Indeed, the most conventional and dated scene comes right at the beginning when we are treated to a love proposal to a young lady named Monica by her very correct suitor, Charles. But just at the moment when we look at our program to see if perhaps we have wandered into the wrong play, there comes a line which suggests that something more than romance is intended. Monica says, "We must keep our private world private to ourselves, learn the path of transition out into the public world and back again to ours." This line relates the love duet to Monica's father, the just-retired Lord Claverton, who has lost this path of transition. Furthermore, because he is fatally ill he is being forced to retire from the public world. He faces this enforced idleness cheerfully "with no desire to act, yet a loathing of inaction, a fear of the vacuum and no desire to fill it."

Lord Claverton is deeply troubled as, accompanied by his daughter, he enters a convalescent home called Badderly Court. Softly in a Hamlet-like soliloquy he asks, "What is this self inside us, this silent observer, severe and speechless critic, who can terrorize us and urge us on to futile activity, and in the end judge us still more severely for the errors into which his own reproaches drive us?"

And now these errors, embodied as people, return to haunt him. The first is an unsavory companion of his college days who remembers the night he ran over a man on the road and did not stop. The companion has changed his name to Gomez and gone off to prosper through shady dealings in Central America. But he too faces a lonely old age and needs to renew his acquaintance with Lord Claverton, because Lord Claverton is the only one who knows all the unpleasant facts about him, and yet cannot judge him because Gomez also knows about him. Next there is a rich widow, who turns out to be the former showgirl, Maisie Mountjoy. Maisie once had a brief affair with Lord Claverton, but was bought off by his father. She too wants to rehash the details of this incomplete first love. Finally, Lord Claverton's ne'er-do-well son Michael appears. He has lost his job and wants his father to stake him to a partnership abroad, something in "import and export with an opportunity for profit both ways." He wants to be something on his own account, not a prolongation of his father's existence. After furiously upbraiding Michael, the ludicrousness of Lord Claverton's position is made apparent as he says: "What I want to escape from is myself in the past. But what a coward I am to talk of escaping! And what a hypocrite! A few minutes ago I was pleading with Michael not to try to escape from his own past faithlessness. I said I knew from experience! Do I understand the lesson I would teach? Well I'll begin to study. Michael and I shall go to school together, and suffer the same humiliations at the hands of the same master."

—*Kay Bell.*

Eliot—"tragedy of non-communication."

In Act III Lord Claverton does learn. He states: "If a man has just one person, just one in his life to whom he is willing to confess everything, then he loves that person, and his love will save him."

Thus he is able to confess to his daughter. "It's impossible to be quite honest with your child. To one's child one can't reveal oneself while she is a child. And by the time she's grown you've woven such a web of fiction about you."

This tragedy of non-communication between parent and child manifests itself in Michael going off to Central America with the corrupt Gomez, and Eliot is realistic enough to allow this to happen. However, Claverton receives his son's unwelcome decision with surprising and new-found compassion. He tells Michael:

"I shall never repudiate you though you repudiate me. I see more and more clearly the many mistakes I have made my whole life through. I see that your mother and I, in our failure to understand each other, both misunderstood you."

In this magnanimous spirit Lord Claverton goes off to die in tranquillity under a beech tree. He has, ironically, found peace at Badderly Court.

The play is Greek in its inspiration. Lord Claverton and Monica loosely parallel Oedipus and Antigone in Sophocles' "Oedipus at Colonus."

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Past states are announced and analyzed. And the lessons are summed up for the audience.

Under E. Martin Brown's direction the verse is spoken so naturally that one is scarcely conscious that it is verse at all, but the performances generally lack sufficient fire and dimension to make us care deeply about the characters. And since "The Elder Statesman" contains so few intellectual surprises, it perhaps needs passion more than do Mr. Eliot's other plays.

For instance, as Lord Claverton, Paul Rogers gives a solid portrayal, but there is not enough difference between the unhappy stuffed shirt and the transfigured being he becomes at the end. Similarly Anna Massey brings an affectionate good nature to the role of Monica, but she has not begun to indicate the strain of her relationship with her father, or the anxiety about her ability to love, that would make her final cure dramatic.

One suspects that with the right performances and drastic revision of the first act, "The Elder Statesman" could be a moving play. For it deals with universals and reveals to us a more human T. S. Eliot than before.

—Henry Hewes.

A Commemorative Book:

"T. S. Eliot: A Symposium"

"T. S. Eliot: A Symposium for His Seventieth Birthday," edited by Neville Braybrooke *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 221 pp. $5), is reviewed by Padraic Colum, who is a well-known literary critic and the co-author of "Our Friend James Joyce."*

By Padraic Colum

READING these tributes to T. S. Eliot, I have come to entertain a notion that I can give a perspective to the gathering. My memories as one of a poetic fellowship go back to London in days before the First World War. There was a realization that the poets of the Eighties and Nineties, though several of them were present and respected, were spent forces. The great romantic tradition had passed away with Swinburne. To whom would the poets of the time turn to for direction.

Two young men were being—I won't say looked to, but were being listened to at the time, that is being listened to by the coteries in which trends originate. One was a hearty young Englishman of the yeoman type, T. E. Hulme; the other was a combative, erudite young American, Ezra Pound. As far as I remember, they moved in different orbits, and the only time I saw them in the same environment was, oddly enough, in the Irish Literary Society in London, where on Saturday evenings there were impromptu recitals by stray poets and discussions.

Hulme wrote verse, but he did not make his writing of it any kind of production. He wrote it as part of the brimming spirit that was his. I remember a verse that made the rounds and was printed in some transient anthology: "The moon looked over the hedge like a red-faced farmer"—that was the striking line. It illustrated (albeit mockingly) Hulme's thesis that the image was essential in poetry, and in this line the image was striking because it was a reversal. This humorous young man (he was killed in the early days of the war) did not declare himself a poet; he declared himself the purveyor of ideas that would freshen poetry. And here was where he and Ezra Pound came together: they were the idea-men of that undercapitalized corporation that was English poetry in the years before 1914. Hulme was a disciple of Bergson, an exponent of the *élan vital*, a furtherer of the shift of poetry to the metropolis from the countryside, a maintainer of the necessity of embodying the results of modern research in poetry —research through mathematics, psychology, mythology—and, above everything else, the need for a departure from the static to the dynamic. Ezra Pound was a reformer no less thorough. But his reform meant return: the poetry of the time was loose and ill-disciplined: he recommended—no, he commanded—a study of Latin and Provençal poetry.

JUST as the Twenties began, a poetry that had nothing experimental about it, that was a full representation of the new time, came before us, a poetry with fresh material, fresh rhythms, fresh vocabulary. We read "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," "Gerontion," "Sweeney Among the Nightingales," and knew that here was a poetry about metropolitan persons, a poetry that subtly indicated the atomization of society and the mechanization of human life. This poet had found a model in the French poet who had triumphed over his ennui, Laforgue, and had done with that model what Laforgue had not done, made his casual persons somehow mythological, giving them a new kind of utterance. And then came that epic of disintegration, "The Waste Land," with its human appearances reduced to the casual, with its broken conversations, reminiscences, quotations that, wonderfully, could dominate us with a single theme. Afterwards the poems that recalled liturgies and were penitential in an age that had foregone a sanction for penitence. And the plays that gave theatre a new kind of verse-speech.

This book is a symposium. For statements that enlarge our understanding of T. S. Eliot's work I commend its Introduction by Neville Braybrooke; "The First Impact of the Waste Land," by Rose Macaulay; "Interpreting Beckett and Other Poets," by Robert Speaight; "T. S. Eliot as a Political Writer," by J. M. Cameron; "T. S. Eliot as a Moralist," by Iris Murdoch, and "W. B. Yeats and T. S. Eliot," by G. S. Fraser.

If I were asked what distinguishes T. S. Eliot as a poet, I should say wisdom—a wisdom that has its root in the perception that to have integrity people have to take on burthens. At a time when young men making their first successes in the arts let it be known that the world owed them a living, this young American in Europe took to paying his way. Once, talking to him about American expatriates who had on their hands the problem of taking over European material, and European style, I asked T. S. Eliot if he thought Henry James had succeeded in being authentic in his rendering of English life. He said, "Henry James refused to pay the price of really knowing English life." "What is the price," I asked him, "of an outsider getting to know the life of another country?" "The price is earning a living in that country," he said positively. Afterwards, reading his poems and plays, I knew how deep his perception went. A price has to be paid for every kind of integrity. The price is not only in service but in affection. The desolate people in his poems are those who do not pay the price, or, worse still, who do not know that a price has to be paid. And it seemed to me that as T. S. Eliot came more and more to know the price to be paid for (it came to that) salvation, he became a dramatist. The price to be paid is the theme of his plays.

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Eliot on Eliot: "*I feel younger than I did at 60.*"

EDINBURGH.

DESPITE the fact that his seventieth birthday is only days away, T. S. Eliot seems heartier, more unworried, and more unafraid of the world than he did when interviewed by this writer five years ago. This phenomenon he attributes largely to his recent marriage (his second) to his former secretary.

"Love reciprocated is always rejuvenating," he says, leaning forward in his armchair. "Before my marriage I was getting older. Now I feel younger at seventy than I did at sixty. Any man if he is alone becomes more aware of being lonely as he ages. An experience like mine makes all the more difference because of its contrast with the past."

Mr. Eliot confesses that when he was young he thought of fifty as the age at which a writer goes downhill, and fully expected to be completely finished by seventy. However, he claims not to be conscious of any diminution of his mental faculties and is, in fact, planning to write one more verse play, and some literary or social criticism in prose.

"I'm curious," he adds, "to see if I shan't also want to write a few more poems in a rather different style. I feel I reached the end of something with the Four Quartets, and that anything new will have to be expressed in a different idiom."

This experience of reaching an end and making a new beginning has happened several times in his career as a poet. It happened after "The Hollow Men," which he no longer likes very much because it represents a period of extreme depression about his future work. It happened again after "Ash Wednesday," when it took the commissioning of "The Rock" to get him restarted.

Mr. Eliot tends to enjoy his more recent work because it is closer to the man he now is. He believes that the one work with which he is most satisfied is the last of the Four Quartets. However, he experiences less dissatisfaction on re-reading his earlier poems than his prose work.

"The poems permanently represent the best that I could do when I wrote them. But I judge my prose as if I'd written it yesterday and now disagreed with some of what it said."

When asked whether he would still write his famous prophecy, ("This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper"), Mr. Eliot admits he would not. One reason is that while the association of the H-bomb is irrelevant to it, it would today come to everyone's mind. Another is that he is not sure the world will end with either. People whose houses were bombed have told him they don't remember hearing anything.

The original meaning, he explains, "Was a subjective dissatisfaction with the pettiness of life. When one is young, the expression of that mood is simply an effusion of one's individual situation."

While this might seem to link him with today's angry young men, he prefers not to think so. Mr. Eliot feels that like Rudyard Kipling, who spent his early years in another country, he has a special feeling for England. On the other hand, he believes that his poetry belongs more in the American current than it does in the British.

As for his plays, the poet who likes to be liberated from both the past and the future rates them in the inverse order in which he wrote them. When asked if he now reads himself in the title role of "The Elder Statesman," he has this to say: "There are three ingredients in all one's characters: (1) observation of other people, (2) pure invention, and (3) something of oneself which includes what Yeats calls the anti-self. But I find that the character is most effective when one is least conscious of putting oneself into it."

While the word God is never mentioned in "The Elder Statesman," the leading character finds confession to those he loves the road to salvation and peaceful death, and thus echoes Mr. Eliot's personal attitude about death and eternity, which is the ordinary Catholic one. He does not believe we can really grasp the concept of the timeless, although he himself has had intuitive flashes which he's hinted at in the Quartets. He feels these will only be communicable to those who have had similar flashes.

"Death is not oblivion," he says. "People who believe that are not afraid of death, they are only afraid of dying." Mr. Eliot cannot understand people feeling religious hope without feeling also a religious fear of what their fate may be.

"For the Christian," he explains, "there is that perpetual living in paradox. You must lose your life in order to save it. One has to be otherworldly and yet deeply responsible for the affairs of this world. One must preserve a capacity for enjoying the things of this world such as love and affection."

ALSO implied in "The Elder Statesman" is the pressure on any famous man to be what other people think him to be, to become the servant of the myth that surrounds him. Mr. Eliot knows this influence well through the kind of cult a great many of his admirers make about him. His formula for avoiding it is constant struggle against it, plus a sense of humor with which to see one's own absurdity.

"At seventy I laugh at myself more than I did when I was young," he says, "and conversely I am less and less worried about making a fool of myself."

—Henry Hewes.

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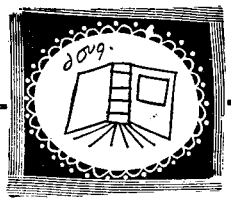

LITERARY HORIZONS

Cheever and Others

By Granville Hicks

SOME years ago Charles Scribner's Sons inaugurated a series of volumes called "Poets of Today," each volume containing work by three poets. Now, recognizing that it is almost as hard to get a collection of short stories published as a collection of poems, the same publisher has brought out **"Short Story I"** ($3.95), with the intention of publishing a new volume each year. Hundreds of authors, according to an introductory note, submitted nearly 3,000 stories. Twenty-one stories by four writers appear in "Short Story I."

The four writers are Richard Yates, Gina Berriault, B. L. Barrett, and Seymour Epstein, and none has previously appeared in book form, although all but Miss Berriault have had stories published in magazines. They are all talented and serious writers, and their stories can be read with satisfaction. The four are, it seems to me, roughly equal in talent, and none is quite first-rate.

In certain ways they are surprisingly alike. For the most part they choose quiet themes, and the prevailing tone is subdued. The kernel of almost any one of the stories is a subtle perception on the part of the author, and this perception is communicated through indirection and implication. All write well, but none is a stylist of distinction, and there is not an experimentalist in the lot. They are even attracted, I note, to similar themes: each has at least one story about children, and three of the four have stories about old people.

Of course there are distinctions to be made. Richard Yates's four stories are varied, have a good deal of vigor, and are rather conventional in form. One of them, a grim story about an incompatible couple on the verge of marriage, "The Best of Everything," is not easily forgotten. Gina Berriault's seven stories are uncommonly homogeneous, frustration being her chosen theme. I was moved only by "The Stone Boy." Miss Berriault is probably the youngest member of the quartet, and she seems the least sure of herself. She has effective scenes, but she relies more than the others on contrivance. Seymour Epstein, by contrast, is completely self-assured, and two of his stories, "Playgrounds, Parties, and the Primordial Molecule" and "Chateaubriand," display originality in addition to ironic humor.

Worthy as the contents of "Short Story I" are, they aren't as much fun to read as the eight stories in John Cheever's **"The Housebreaker of Shady Hill"** (Harper, $3). Cheever, of course, is an old hand. He must have begun publishing stories in *The New Yorker* as a relatively young man, for it seems to me I have been reading them there for at least twenty years, and they had given him a reputation in certain circles long before the success of his first novel, "The Wapshot Chronicle." For years every discussion of what constitutes a typical *New Yorker* short story has got around to Cheever, the common view being that he is quite representative and yet a good deal better than average.

When one tries to explain why the stories in "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill" are so much livelier than most of the stories in "Short Story I," one is tempted to say that Cheever's people are just intrinsically more interesting people. They have greater opportunities, and more things happen to them. He has chosen, one is tempted to say, a more exciting segment of American life than is represented in the other book.

But what is Cheever's chosen segment? It is suburbia, than which nothing, according to a widely held opinion, can be duller. Nor can it be said that Cheever seeks to contradict the general impression. Saturday night parties and Sunday hangovers figure in several of the stories, and he does not suggest that they are particularly glamorous. As for the other side of life in Shady Hill—"a regular Santa Claus's workshop of madrigal singers, political discussion groups, recorder groups, dancing schools, confirmation classes, committee meetings, and lectures on literature, philosophy, city planning, and pest control"—the glimpses he gives of it are not inviting.

If, then, Cheever's stories are rich and exciting, the explanation lies not in his material but in what he is able to make of it. In one of the stories,

(*Continued on page* 47)

—David Lee.

THE people in John Cheever's new book of short stories, "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill," live in a suburb of New York. Cheever knows them well enough, since he and his wife and three children live in Scarborough, deep in the heartlands of New York's suburbs. He likes suburbia. At a recent interview, he said, "There's been too much criticism of the middle-class way of life. Life can be as good and rich there as anyplace else. I am not out to be a social critic, however, nor a defender of suburbia. It goes without saying that the people in my stories and the things that happen to them could take place anywhere."

For a writer, who doesn't wage the commuters' war, life in the suburban manor is even more appealing. Cheever, of course, works at home. His writing habits are erratic. For long periods he lies fallow, and suddenly, "like a cockroach having a fit," he writes a story in a day, without notes. He then goes back to his brooding, scrupulously ignored by his wife and children.

Cheever's been writing since he was sixteen, when the *New Republic* printed his reminiscences of prep school life. "Reminiscences of a young sorehead should have been its title," said Cheever. That was the end of his formal education and Cheever came to New York to write. Since then, with the exception of his four Army years and a period teaching composition to Barnard girls, Cheever has been a full-time writer. Many of the hundreds of stories he has written are collected in two books, "The Way Some People Live" (1943) and "The Enormous Radio" (1953). His stories have frequently decorated the annual short story award volumes, and many of his suburbane tales have been adapted for television plays. Cheever has held a Guggenheim and last year, when his first novel, "The Wapshot Chronicle," was published, it won the National Book Award. He is already at work on a second novel.

"I'm still interested in the short story form," said Cheever. "Certain situations lend themselves only to the short story. But generally it's a better form for young writers, who are more intense, whose perceptions are more fragmentary. A face glimpsed in a train is a short story for a young writer. As you get a little older you lose some of this intensity, your perceptions become more protracted, and you think about the longer form."

—ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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Smooth Voyage of the "Monitor"

"Commitment to Freedom," by Erwin D. Canham *(Houghton Mifflin. 454 pp. $4.85), is an informal history of a distinguished American newspaper, the* Christian Science Monitor, *as reported by its editor.* SR*'s reviewer, Frank Luther Mott, is the author of "American Journalism: A History," and other books about the press. He is currently working on a history of American magazines.*

By Frank Luther Mott

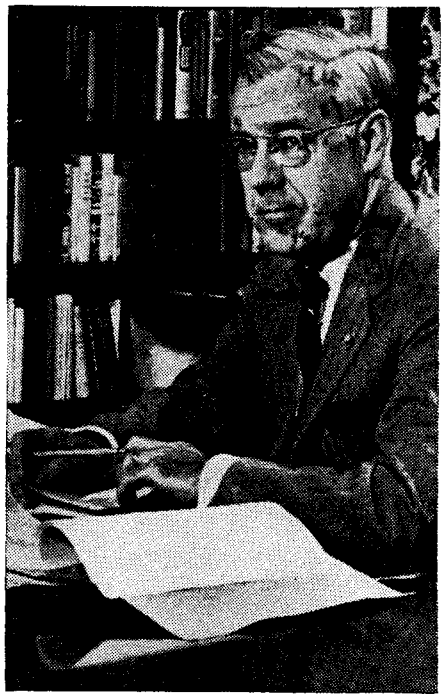
SOME years ago whenever the name of the *Christian Science Monitor* was introduced into a discussion in a group of newspapermen, someone was sure to pipe up with the protest: "But of course the *Monitor* is not a real newspaper!" Nowadays such a statement is less common, though not unknown. Erwin D. Canham, editor of the paper and author of this book, was elected president a decade ago of the American Society of Newspaper Editors—the highest honor that his fellow professionals could bestow on him—and similar recognition has come to other members of the paper's working staff. Of course the *Monitor* is a real newspaper, and an exceedingly good one indeed.

Mr. Canham believes, though he hopes to avoid "false pride," that the *Monitor* is actually just about the best newspaper that the mind of man (or woman, since it was founded by Mary Baker Eddy) ever conceived, or that the talent and industry of human agents of the divine will ever put together. He thinks, and the present reviewer agrees, that the *Monitor* has exerted a beneficent influence in the "steady improvement" of American newspapers during the last half-century. He is profoundly devoted to his great paper. He can look lovingly on its "downs" as well as its "ups," admit its errors when it has strayed, and accumulate vast amounts of detail which astonishingly never grow tiresome.

The *Monitor* is a "real" newspaper all right, but it is at the same time a different newspaper. What makes it different? Obviously, the fact that it is owned by a religious organization. What differences—of quality, techniques, tone, and so on—have been built into the paper because of this ownership? They seem to be reducible to four principal categories.

In the first place, it is an endowed newspaper and is therefore not so fully answerable to its public as other papers. But this is really a distinction without a difference. The *Monitor* pays its way, and has done so throughout nearly all of its existence. It meets its annual budget, which in the fiscal year 1957-1958 amounted to $6,593,000. Basically it does have to please its readers, like any other paper, to hold its circulation of well over 150,000.

But, in the second place, the *Monitor*'s public is a special one, composed to a large extent of Christian Scientists. This gives it extremely wide distribution. Less than ten per cent of its readers live in its home city of Boston, and it is widely circulated throughout the United States, Latin America, and Europe; thus it is the most national and the most cosmopolitan of American dailies. This is reflected, of course, in its content, which carries, even in its New England editions, a much smaller proportion of local news than other great American newspapers.



Erwin Canham—". . . best newspaper ever conceived."

Third, it is sometimes said that the *Monitor* is a propaganda organ. It all depends on what you mean by that term. It does print daily, on its "Home Forum" page, a piece about Christian Science doctrine; otherwise there is no effort to win proselytes.

However (and this is the fourth and most important distinguishing characteristic of the *Monitor*), the doctrines of Christian Science do have a tremendous impact on the handling of news, features, editorial comment, and advertising in the paper. Referring to its early years, Mr. Canham says:

> The *Monitor* did not seek to withhold tragic or distasteful news from its readers. It did not supress news of crime or disaster. It placed such news in perspective, recording such events modestly but factually, without giving them sensational display, reserving its bigger headlines and larger space for events or situations of long-range importance to humanity.

Though the time came when the paper was badly taboo-ridden, it eventually rid itself of those sometimes absurd bans on the news; and through the latter half of its career the paragraph quoted stands as a good definition of its news policy. Editorially, it has always been independent, though it has usually taken a position on leading issues and endorsed its candidates in Presidential campaigns. Liberals would call it conservative in politics; most conservatives think it inclines too much toward liberalism. Its advertising censorship is strict, extending even to "unclean" books; it sometimes reviews a book for which it would not accept advertising in order to warn against it.

This handsome semicentennial volume is more than a history. It is that, but it is also an expository treatise on what the *Monitor* stands for, how it is produced and distributed, and the personalities associated with it during its half-century. A good title would have been "Inside the Monitor." Few papers have ever been discussed so thoroughly, frankly, intelligently.

It is a persuasive book. I think I shall take the fee I receive for this review and subscribe to the *Christian Science Monitor*, Midwestern Edition.

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The Village of the Unafraid

"Williamstown Branch," by R. L. Duffus *(Norton. 252 pp. $3.75), is a nostalgic account of the author's boyhood days in rural Vermont. Reviewer Dorothy Canfield Fisher, a Vermonter herself, is the author of many books, including "Vermont Tradition: Biography of an Outlook on Life."*

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

MR. DUFFUS, who is on the editorial staff of *The New York Times*, has put between the two covers of a not very thick book, "Williamstown Branch," a better tranquilizer than can be bought over the counter in any pharmacy. Its pages generate a peacefulness in the reader's mind. His taut nerves relax as he reads. The charm will fail only if you struggle against it, if you insist stubbornly that Mr. Duffus just can't be telling the truth.

Please don't make that mistake. Above all, don't fail to read the last chapter. In this Mr. Duffus says goodbye to his old home-town, to his readers, and to the pre-automobile nineteenth century. Here he is no longer a little boy as he so authentically is in other pages, but a richly endowed, finely trained, deep-hearted mature writer, with ripe philosophy, who tells the Truth. Take the word of one who once knew much the same old-fashioned "north of Boston-ish" atmosphere.

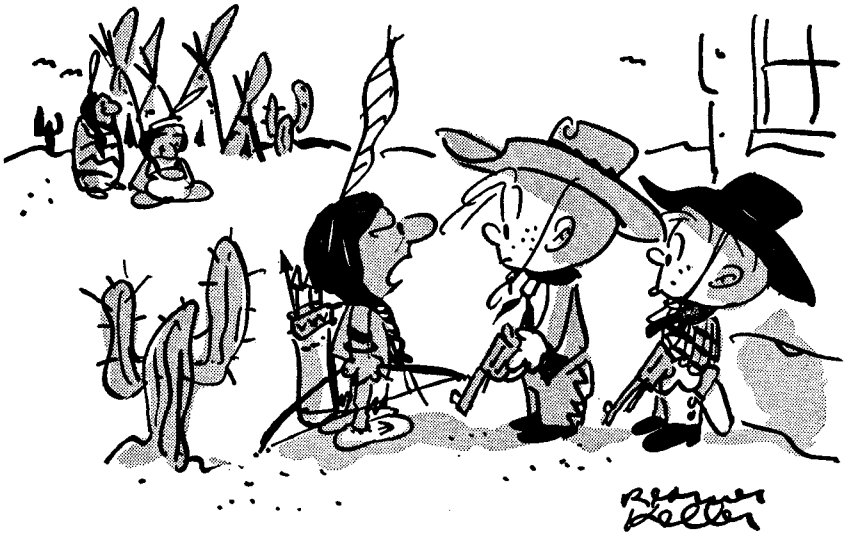
The small village of which Mr. Duffus writes is not prettified. It has a livery stable in which no-account village loafers, vacant and witless, congregate, talking about the women of the town like Faulkner's loafers and all loafers around livery stables of old times. And certainly one can assume that their talk is not decorous or refined—but it is not terrifying and violent like Faulkner's people of this sort. Although nobody thinks of "protecting" his psyche from such talk, not much of it comes through the clear, cool mountain air to the ears of a small boy.

He saunters back through the snow, pulling his sled behind him, to his quiet home, to his nonpassionate mother and father, who do not hate each other or hate their neighbors although they have to work hard to make both ends meet. They don't hate anybody, not even the owners of the granite-working sheds where the little boy's father earns a daily wage which buys for his family the plain, daily food which the little boy eats with such calm relish, but of which there is evidently not too much on the table to dull his appetite for between-meal snacks, provided not by purchase but by the kindness of some farm neighbors over whose beautiful (but stony and sterile) farm the little boy often wanders.

A boy of ten, even if his name is not Wordsworth, can't, I suppose, grow up in such surroundings without occasional moments of wordless awareness of beauty and peace, and such moments Mr. Duffus sets down occasionally. I quote from his description of a sauntering walk through the winter snow with a group of neighboring boys:

> One not too cold dreamy day . . . some of us were woods-roaming on an off Saturday, or maybe during one of those frequent vacations that come in a twenty-eight-week school year. There was a thaw, and snow melting, and a drip of water. . . . We weren't roaming for any definite purpose, although I believe the theory among us was that we were Indians, or pioneers looking for Indians. The theory didn't matter too much. It was wonderful just to be alive and out of doors. I shall never forget the utter freedom of those days; there is no such freedom now, anywhere. We weren't even hampered by a sense of guilt, for we didn't intend to steal apples, butternuts, or even turnips; and anyhow, the sense of guilt hadn't yet been invented.
>
> We came unexpectedly out of the woods into a level pasture clearing, then into a meadow with some hummocks and bunch grass at the lower end and a cow or two grazing on withered grass from which the snow had melted; next we came to the hay barn and the cow barn, beside which was a neat brick house. At one side were the corn cribs, with open, out-slanting slats to let the corn dry, and nearby was the hen yard, with its white-washed coops and sharp but not unpleasant smell.
>
> As we came up, a rooster crowed, a hen announced that she had just laid an egg, and there was an aimless, happy clucking from the other hens that were doing nothing in particular except enjoy life. We boys understood that—we weren't doing anything in particular, either.
>
> I had a sensation of utter peace, such as I rarely had even then, and have never had as an adult—except, perhaps, on an occasional camping trip.
>
> I stood still for a long moment. I think we all did. I can still see, hear, and smell everything that came to my senses in that interval of time. Years later I went back to see if all I imagined was true; it was. Some of the magic had gone, but a red fox loped silently across the pasture and under a rail fence.

Mr. Duffus is right. There was for children in those 1898 days of which he writes a safety in rural Vermont, all-enclosing, such as mod-



"Why do I always have to be the Indian?"

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ern youngsters cannot imagine. Any child of those days if asked if he felt scared, would have answered wide-eyed with the question, "What is there to be scared of?"

It is true that this little boy occasionally thinks of dying and going to hell if he is not good. But his psyche is not seriously shadowed by the possibility. His folks go to the Congregational Church, from which few members go to hell, and to the prayer meeting, to which the family cat once followed. His mother, unrebuked by the minister, took the cat up into her lap, and it sat there purring loudly until the last unfrightened prayer was over.

Nobody is afraid in that village. "What is there to be afraid of?"

Dream of a United America

"The Puerto Ricans," by Christopher Rand *(Oxford. 175 pp. $3.75), is a study of the Hispanic Americans from the West Indies who have lately emigrated in large numbers to the States. The work is appraised by Harriet de Onís, a lecturer, critic, and translator, who has traveled extensively in Latin America.*

By Harriet de Onís

WITH this succinct and sympathetic study of Puerto Rican immigrants in the United States—if the term immigrant can properly be applied to American citizens—Mr. Rand has made a valuable contribution to a better understanding of what the dust jacket calls "the newest element in America's melting pot." The author studied the Puerto Ricans in their new environment—principally the various districts of New York and Brooklyn where most of them live—talking with them, eating with them, observing them at work and at play. He also visited Puerto Rico to acquaint himself with their background. Besides being an excellent job of factual reporting, the book's sociological implications are thoughtful and unpretentious.

The influx from the "Associated Commonwealth of Puerto Rico," which has increased from several hundred in 1921 to its present figure of more than half a million, has created concern and hostility among the older inhabitants of the areas into which the newcomers crowd. They are accused of being noisy, dirty, improvident, peculiar in their ways, thoughtless of their neighbors, etc., etc. But much the same has been said of every group of new immigrants.

For the most part it is poverty that has brought the Puerto Ricans to the United States. Often unskilled, unschooled, rural in background, they have to adjust to a different environment and city living, both equally foreign. If the districts they move into turn into slums, the landlords who batten on their ignorance and poverty must bear their full share of the blame. It is natural that they should tend to huddle together, drawing warmth and comfort from one another in an alien society. There is also the psychological factor that, unlike the European, no inhabitant of this hemisphere feels himself an immigrant in America. If they are slow to adapt themselves to the culture of their new home it is, in part, because even the unlearned feel that they belong to another American culture, the Hispanic.

BUT they are pulling their weight in the boat. Puerto Ricans play an important role in the garment industry in New York. They are employed in a variety of light industries, and hotels and restaurants would have a hard time replacing them. There are also the agricultural laborers who come north in the spring, mostly as fruit pickers and truck-garden workers.

I wish Mr. Rand's survey had been extended to include the Puerto Ricans who are not laborers, or slum-dwellers, or juvenile delinquents. I am thinking, because it happens to be the field I know, of the many young second-generation Puerto Ricans studying in our colleges and universities, and acquitting themselves most creditably. Some of the best teachers of Spanish in our schools and colleges are Puerto Ricans, and many are to be found in the import-export business, thanks to the fact that they have kept their native Spanish.

Puerto Rico was our first colonial venture. The early years of the experiment were guided by good but often mistaken intentions. However, we rectified our errors, and Puerto Ricans and statesiders alike can take pride in the achievements of the Associated Commonwealth under Governor Muñoz Marín's able leadership. If the United States, utilizing its Puerto Rican experience, could work out a federation of American states, respecting their autonomy and supplying the aid, technical guidance, and coordination these countries need and want, it would be proof of real vision. We might thus bring to being Bolívar's ideal of a United America. It does not seem too wild a dream.

Criminal Record

CASE OF THE COP'S WIFE. *By Milton K. Ozaki. Gold Medal.* 25¢. Chicago police lieutenant's vacation gets off to bad start as thug team working big department-store stickup forces his pregnant wife to run getaway heap. Lively chase job.

UNTIMELY DEATH. *By Cyril Hare. Macmillan.* $3.25. Retired London solicitor, holidaying with young wife in stag-hunting country, discovers corpse which later eludes him; Inspector Mallet (also retired) to the rescue; pleasant setting, characterization, handling, with excellent variation on vanishing-body theme. Top drawer.

FIT TO KILL. *By Brett Halliday. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Tim Rourke, ace Miami reporter, flies to Central American country to expose "democratic" dictator whose minions gang up on visitor; stateside gal also in distress; pair flee to Miami, where Private Eye Michael Shayne takes over (this is his 32nd case); patriotic professor plays at revolution; the big redhead wraps it all up between cognacs, you may be sure. Everything as expected.

HELL TO PAY. *By William R. Cox. Signet.* 25¢. Syndicate-crashing punks make life miserable for Tom Kincaid, big-time gambler, as New York morgue accepts clients; bill of fare includes Wally, Molly, Sally, Sully, Sandy, Skinny, Geary, Gentry, and Mrs. Teddy; crapshooting, poker, pugilism indulged in. Plus-mark.

MAIDEN'S PRAYER. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $2.95. English spinster, flirting with romance, risks finger-burning as plausible villain edges slowly in (but not too slowly); cat is ornery and effective character; payoff ingenious without being tricky; good humor prevails throughout. Pleasant and well paced. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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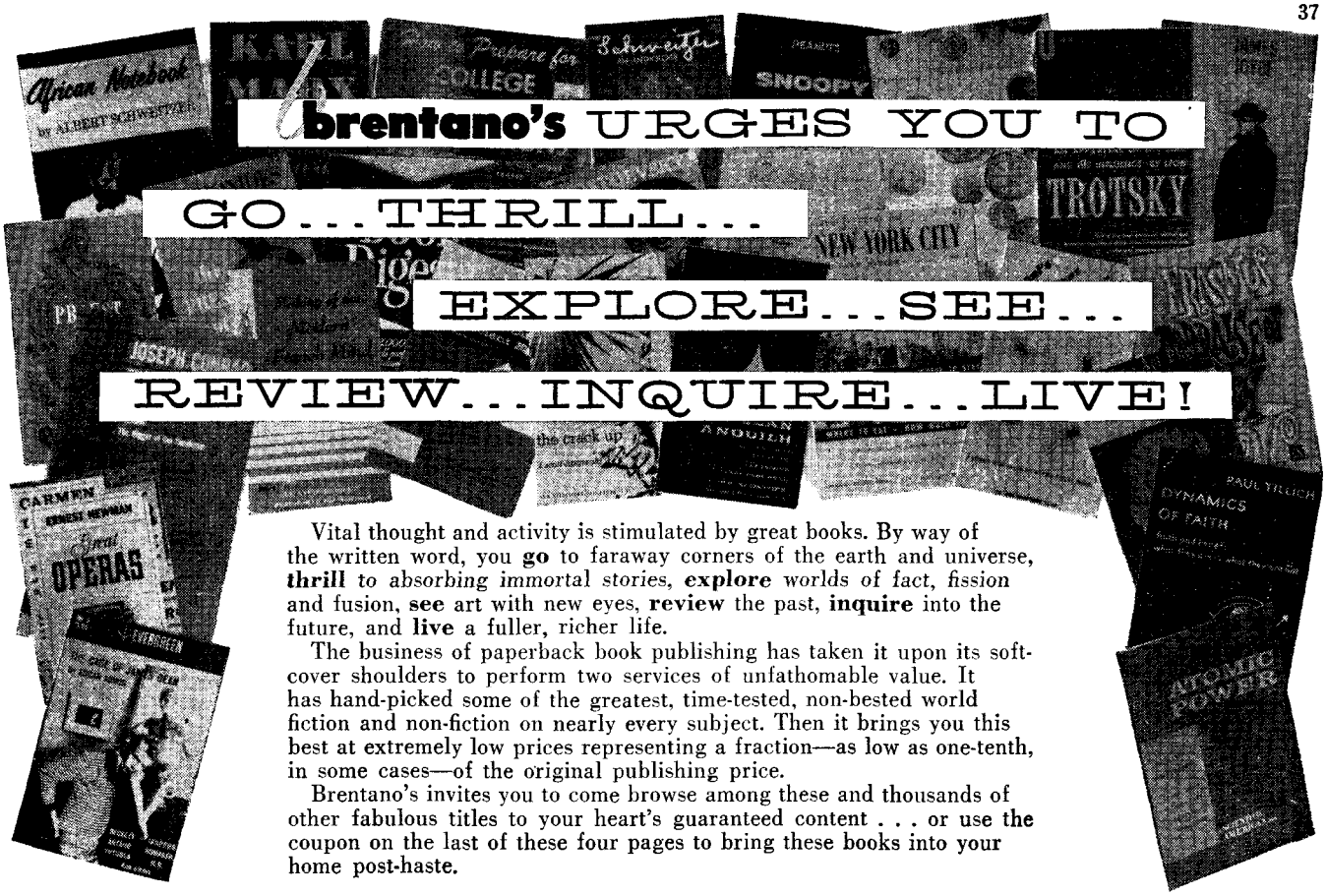

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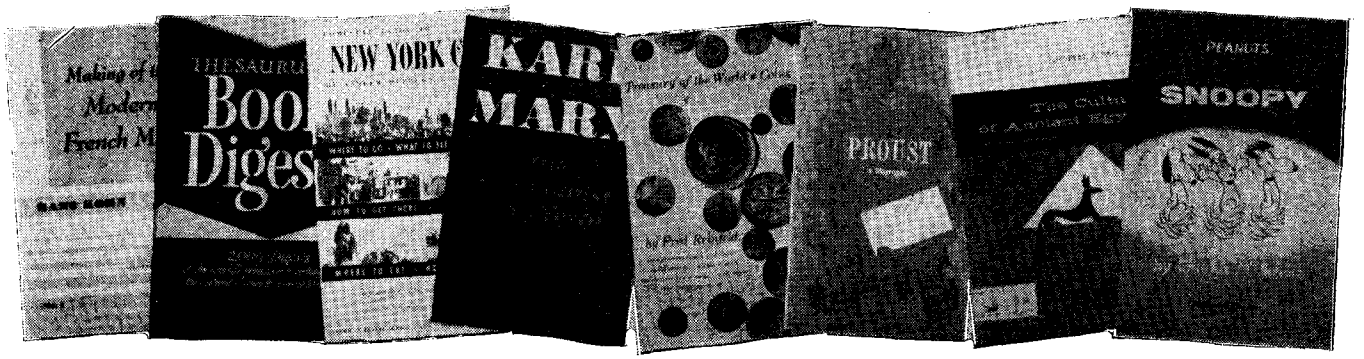

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FICTION

Community of the Uncommitted

"A World of Strangers," by Nadine Gordimer *(Simon & Schuster. 312 pp. $3.95), tells about a young English intellectual who journeys to South Africa, where he becomes involved in that country's complex woes. Marghanita Laski, who reviews the book, is a well-known English critic and the author of many novels, among them "Little Boy Lost" and "The Village."*

By Marghanita Laski

A SENSITIVE and intelligent South African writer who is also a novelist can find today only one theme, that of the unjust treatment of black by white. Nadine Gordimer, whose second novel this is, is a sensitive and intelligent South African writer, and she is too much and too uneasily aware of the inevitability of the theme. Because of this it would seem that she has tried too hard in too many complicated ways to arrive at a basic subject with an air of surprise and difference, and in attempting this she has laid on herself a burden heavier than her technical capacities as a novelist can bear.

In the first place she has imposed on herself the appallingly difficult task of speaking in the first person as a man. To identify oneself with a character of the opposite sex is hard enough when writing in the third person; in the first person it hardly ever succeeds, and, particularly when intensive love-making is involved, suspension of disbelief is almost impossible to achieve. With enormous vitality and verve Joyce Cary could make us accept his racy Sara; but a delicate imagination is no substitute for vitality, and Miss Gordimer's etiolated Toby Hood no more impresses us as truly male than does Count Orlofsky in "Fledermaus."

—Studio Petruszka.

Nadine Gordimer—". . . imagines herself a man among men."

Toby, who is twenty-six, an Englishman, and a publisher, is a contemporary type whom Angus Wilson first identified, the son of liberal intellectuals who has recoiled from the platforms, the demonstrations, the refugees, the noble causes that filled his parents' emotional lives. This enables Miss Gordimer to present him as coming to South Africa with a positive unwillingness to identify right and wrong. Morally unattached, he chooses among his possible introductions the one least likely to appeal to his parents, and among the rich business people to whom this leads selects a mistress with the same disregard of implications that leads him to select as his friends Steven, the gay, amoral black African, and Anna, the ex-Communist social worker. In the end, of course, Toby finds that commitment is inescapable, and Miss Gordimer's complicated arrangements to lead to this point have served only to obscure her real talent in a mess of machinery that she does not yet have the technical equipment to handle.

The real force and value of the book are less its fictional content than the series of studies implied by its title, the exploration of a world whose inhabitants are without roots. Toby himself is the least interesting of them; in so far as he has a need, it is the old Laurens van der Post search for African vitality to supplement European cerebration, and it may be significant that Miss Gordimer gives this particular search to her mouthpiece, since vitality is the force her writing most noticeably lacks.

Cecil, the mistress, is without background, stability, or the capacity for emotional responsibility; Steven has no constructive outlet for his enormous gaiety and energy; Anna lives in a no-man's-land of service and belongs nowhere. Only the businessmen, as Miss Gordimer presents them (though I do not think this is her intention) seem to lead as full and rich a life as is surely available for such people anywhere. She intends, I believe, too much significance to be read into an all-male shooting party where many, but not quite enough, contacts are made with primitive satisfactions. Businessmen's shooting parties would be very similar and no more or less significant in Europe or America, and if it is a mistake for a woman to imagine herself a man among men (Jane Austen *never* shows us men without women) it is an even greater mistake for a writer like Miss Gordimer to imagine herself a man among businessmen on a shooting party.

The author began her writing career with short stories which gave great pleasure by their delicate, almost poetic patterns of communicated emotion. She lacked, even then, the moral assurance and force of Doris Lessing, who is herself an extraordinary writer of short stories but a commonplace novelist. And, unfortunately, Miss Gordimer's shapely and creative observations are not enhanced by having been laboriously built into a full-length novel.

Epic of Everyman

"The Sons of Avrom," by Roger Ikor *(translated by Leonard Friedman and Maxwell Singer; Putnam. 384 pp. $4.50), is a Prix Goncourt novel about a large Jewish family who come from Russia to find fulfillment in France.* SR*'s reviewer is James Yaffe, who is author of "What's the Big Hurry?" and "Nothing But the Night."*

By James Yaffe

ROGER IKOR's "The Sons of Avrom," a Prix Goncourt winner just published in this country, is almost a prototype of the Jewish family novel. This story from early youth to doddering old age of Yankel the Russian immigrant, takes place in France, but it might just as easily be set in any other country in Western Europe or even in America. Mr. Ikor attempts to mirror the total Jewish experience of the last sixty years. He shows all the broad lines of change—from orthodoxy to indifference, from insularity to intermarriage, from the craftsman to the entrepreneur to the fashionable violinist. He shows also almost every conceivable detail of family life with which Jews everywhere are familiar —the religious ceremonies, the feasts, the gossip, the squabbling, the eternal matchmaking. In a sense, his novel is like an encyclopedia of everyday

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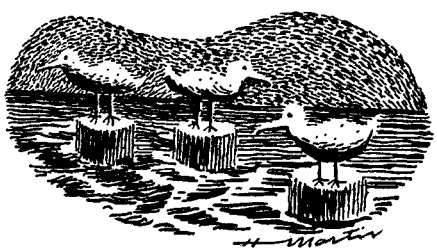
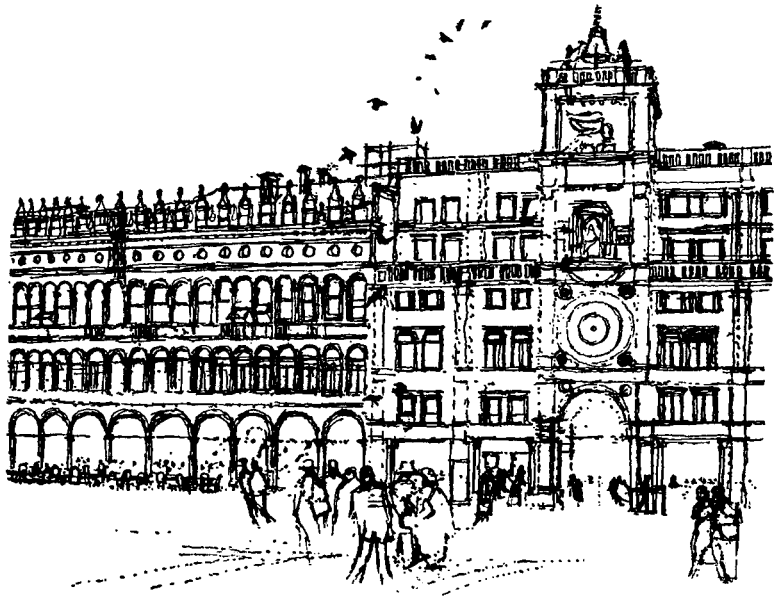
Jewish life in the contemporary world.

More important, however, it is a genuine work of art. Like any first-rate novelist who has ever treated an epic theme, Mr. Ikor doesn't let himself be overawed by it. By creating his epic effect out of small, human, completely persuasive details—somewhat in the manner of Tolstoy in "War and Peace"—he prevents his story from ever becoming ponderous or pretentious. His hero may be a kind of Everyman, but fortunately he doesn't act as if he were aware of this; he is, like all the characters in the book, a completely individual creation with his own endearing traits and irritating quirks.

Further, Mr. Ikor's greatest gift is his ability to convey, with a few brief touches, the finest and subtlest distinctions of feeling, even petty feeling. For instance, the scene where Yankel's son Simon arranges with great trepidation a meeting between his parents and the Saulniers, the parents of his Catholic fiancée: "What an accent they drag around, Simon thought of his parents, while the Saulniers, who had expected worse, thought exactly the opposite." Every page in the book is full of such quick, sharp observations, which give life and humor to the awesome over-all plan.

"The Sons of Avrom" has no important faults, but one limitation. The book is without any villains. This is not a superficial characteristic; it is indicative of a habit of mind, almost a philosophy of life, on the author's part. He makes such a constant effort to "understand" his people, to see their point of view, to be tolerant at all costs, that in the end he leaves out moral feeling almost entirely. In life we meet people about whom we must ultimately form an unpleasant judgment; but never in "The Sons of Avrom." Whatever we may think of this as a view of the world, it is hard to defend artistically. Because of it, the book somehow falls short of maximum intensity; all the edges are softened, all the points blunted; it is like an extended piece of music without any dissonance. In novels as in life, apparently, our affection for certain people gets sharpness and flavor from our good old-fashioned hatred of others. This flavor is the only thing missing in Roger Ikor's touching, entertaining, almost great novel.





—Jacket illustration for "Engaged in Writing."

Satire at the Summit

"Engaged in Writing," by Stephen Spender *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 239 pp. $3.75), includes a satiric novel about a certain top-level international conference, as well as a short piece about a fictional princess. It is reviewed by Kingsley Amis, who is the author of "Lucky Jim" and most recently "I Like It Here."*

By Kingsley Amis

THIS ought to have been a good book. The quality of alert sensitiveness in the best of Mr. Spender's earlier work was such as to make this, his first volume of fiction in twenty years, an event to anticipate. And he is qualified both by experience and by temperament to produce the ironical account of cultural bureaucracy at the summit level, of the international literary get-together, which has long been waiting to be written. But something went wrong. "Engaged in Writing," although not totally a damp squib, fizzes and fuses with an inhibited energy.

Viewed at one level—there are a few more levels here than so slight a structure can carry—the story consists of a string of serio-satirical portraits of certain delegates to the conference of EUROPLUME in Venice (it is, of course, the expert's Venice, with everything, from campanile to Chianti, encountered for the fiftieth time). A variety of self-defeating ideological nonsense is talked, by farcically ponderous Russians, by a decrepit English Marxist, by the brilliant French booby Sarret—anagram for guess-who. The conclusion is that no conclusion is possible. Necessarily.

And yet, however various the kinds of nonsense may be, characters who are shown doing little else but tall it are going to become fatally similar, and the gibe at one of the Russian representatives that he surrounds himself "with a great dull fog of making different things the same" is a harsh but not inaccurate judgment of what the author is doing. Just as with Venice, Mr. Spender has seen all these people too many times before and has lost the physical impression they made on him. His attempts to pep up the portraits with metaphor (a speaker is hardly ever a speaker; he is a playing card, a priest, a calligrapher, an orchestral conductor, a mountain guide, a mountain, a builder, a bandit—these from half a dozen pages) recall only a debilitated Virginia Woolf, or even at times the surrealistic fantasy of a less celebrated nexus of the English 1930s, Edward Upward's novel "Journey to the Border."

It is almost as if Mr. Spender, like his defensively-named narrator, Olim Asphalt, has himself become so choked up in the involutions of argument about the bourgeois consciousness and the proletarian consciousness and the engaged consciousness that he can no longer fight through to clarity, or can do so only in sly, ambiguous, off-center gestures. The weight of the story, the unfulfilled promise of something far more finely serious, con-

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sists in the sketch of the Hungarian literator, Csongor Botor, whose integrity has foundered but who recognizes this fact, like something else, with a monumental shrug. A shrug, though only a little one, is the motto gesture of "Engaged in Writing."

The other piece in this volume, "The Fool and the Princess" (a sham princess, perhaps, but assuredly a real fool) has been saluted by English reviewers as funny, so I got my laughing muscles all limbered up. They had a quiet day, however.

PHANTOM LOVE: The two thirteen-year-old girls in Nora Johnson's **"The World of Henry Orient"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) are delightful and sometimes painful to contemplate as they attempt to find some measure of happiness or exaltation in that difficult time before adulthood.

An expensive private school overlooking the East River and its somewhat depressing Welfare Island was not exactly the place to bring up these two highly imaginative and lonely children. Their schoolmates were too rich and too rough with them in the gymnasium. And Marian, living in a brownstone apartment, had a mother who paid little attention to her. One morning she met Valerie, who might be described as a neurotic genius, a girl whose parents spent nearly all their time in Europe and only occasionally flew to New York to see their daughter. Val was sent to a psychiatrist every afternoon. She took piano lessons from a Mr. Drago and made friends with the janitor in Carnegie Hall, where both girls were given free seats.

In this odd manner Val attempted to enter the world of Henry Orient. Henry was presumed to be a youthful concert pianist, though he would never reach the top, and was often seen in expensive bars with wealthy women. Though they had never met, Val fell head over heels in love with him. She knew that he had divorced three wives. Her passion for this obscure pianist led the girls to follow him home one night to his walk-up apartment. When Henry opened the door, they caught a glimpse of an elegantly-dressed lady. The woman was Val's mother. This episode brought an end to the phantom love affair. It was also the end to the remnants of childhood for both girls.

Miss Johnson has accomplished a remarkable feat in dramatizing, with tenderness and humor, the lives of two unhappy girls.

—Harrison Smith.

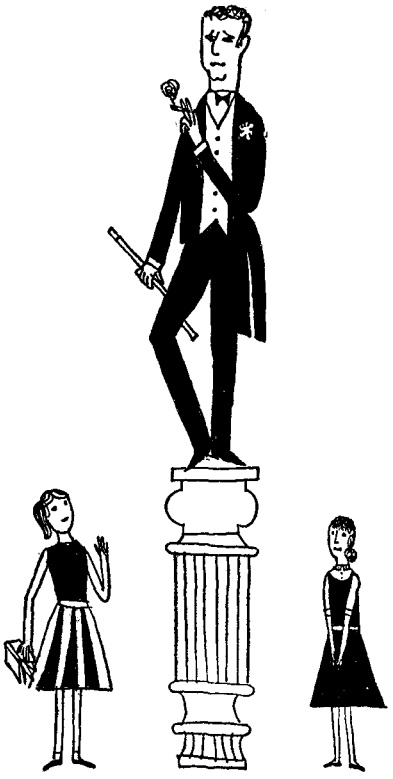
DOCTOR'S DILEMMA: As the title **"Swear by Apollo"** (Random House, $3.95) indicates (it is a phrase from the Hippocratic Oath), medicine plays a large part in Shirley Barker's newest novel. The hero is young Randall Woodbury, of New Hampshire, doctor and son of a doctor. When he loses his wife to the "throat ail" (it sounds like diphtheria) he determines to go to Edinburgh where he can learn the most advanced techniques of medical knowledge. He departs as tides of political-economic restlessness are rising in the English colonies.

After some study, he goes to the island of Rona, in the Hebrides, at the request of its Laird, Comyn Rhinn, who desires smallpox inoculation for his people. Here the heart of the story lies, involving a slowly developing bond with Margery, the Laird's daughter, and complications with an unhappy, ambitious girl named Ellen.

The richest elements of the book are the insights into eighteenth-century medicine, as we experience this painfully limited knowledge and practice through the earnest, self-accusing nature of Randall. We are able to feel the terror and pathos of an outburst of polio when no one so much as knows what it is. We see a glimpse of what cancer was like then. Also, Randall becomes absorbed in the phenomenon of "second sight," or clairvoyance, in Ellen's mother, Andra, one of the best characterizations in the book. Miss Barker handles this mystery intriguingly.

After a complicated denouement, we leave Randall, bound homeward to the now inflamed colonies, where the struggle for independence is afoot.

—Edmund Fuller.



—Jacket illustration for "The World of Henry Orient."

"End to the remnants of childhood."

AUTUMNAL INTERLUDE: As his American readers well know, André Maurois believes in the omnipotence of love. In **"September Roses"** (Harper, $3), his hero is a famous man of letters, internationally known, deluged with honors, satiated with success. We first meet the Parisian Guillaume Fontane through the admiring eyes of his young biographer who, in his peripatetic conversations with the master, discovers that he is not really satisfied with the type of writing that has won him acclaim, nor convinced that the puritanical passion for work, which has been his way of life, brings greater gratification than the pursuits of pleasure. Persuaded that man exists only by refusing to accept his environment, he is ready to shake off the formidable "carapace of duties, engagements, and constraints" which he has accumulated in the course of nearly sixty years of well-organized, emotionally balanced, and thoroughly rational living. On the threshold of old age, Guillaume Fontane tries to crystallize his vague longings for the renewal of the pleasure of love.

After one awkward romantic adventure in Paris, Fontane finds himself involved in a more satisfying love affair in South America, away from the anxious eye of his devoted but monotonous wife, Pauline. In a fairyland setting of Peruvian lakes, mountains, and savannahs, and aided with wine and poetry, he succeeds in captivating his Francophile interpreter, a beautiful young actress.

This quick-paced intermezzo is hardly a study in infidelity. From the first moment we are aware that there is no future in the illicit romance, and that its blossoming will be beautiful as September roses, and as short-lived. But the absence of suspense is compensated by a striking characterization of the Latin feminine temperament as embodied by flamboyant Dolores. Utterly amoral yet highly religious, sensual, and at the same time astonishingly cerebral, she makes the French characters in the novel seem pale in contrast.

The exotic background, satisfying to the current French taste for literary tourism, should prove as stimulating to American travel-conscious readers. Writing with sophisticated simplicity, M. Maurois has created for a world of aging populations a charming and mellow prototype who demonstrates that the pleasures of youth need no longer be wasted on the young.

—Anna Balakian.

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The Iron Lid Lifted Off Yalta

"Stalin's Correspondence with Churchill, Attlee, Roosevelt, and Truman 1941-1945 *(Dutton. 703 pp. $7.50), is a collection of wartime correspondence which was first published recently in Russia. It is reviewed by Jonathan Daniels, who was administrative assistant to FDR from 1943 to 1945.*

By Jonathan Daniels

HERE in these two volumes of top-secret wartime correspondence, published by the Russians "to help restore historical truth," is the greatest drama of our century personalized in the cooperating but contrasting characters of Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt. They made our greatest war, and as they fought it they showed from the beginning the conflict which still plagues our times.

I am not enough of a scholar of the documentation of World War II to know how many of these letters and messages of the Big Three are here published for the first time, and certainly I do not know what is still suppressed. I am, of course, on notice that these volumes were published with a Russian motive. But if this work constitutes Russian propaganda, I, for one, would like to have more of it. Far from the loud pleading and evident distortion of facts we are led to expect from the Russians, this seems a work of careful scholarship in which even the footnotes are spare and unargumentative. The documents speak for themselves and they cry the story of an edgy, uneasy alliance even in the common purposes of the greatest war—and from its beginning.

Also, they create, as historians may only hope to do, the clear characters of the suavely diplomatic Churchill, the peremptory, suspicious Stalin, and, at the outset of his participation, a Roosevelt who had the feeling that he could, if given the opportunity, fix things up between the two other bristling boys. Yet nowhere in this whole body of correspondence is there so eloquent a passage in protest as that in which at the end Roosevelt expressed his concern, less than two weeks before he died, over Russian action which threatened the disintegration of the agreements at "our fruitful meeting at Yalta."

In this published correspondence that disintegration comes less as a surprise than as the natural outcome of the contentions between the Allies which began even before the United States entered the war. If Russia's failure to permit free governments in the states which we now call the satellites was a surprising betrayal of Yalta agreements, the warning of it was big in the almost monotonous Churchill-Stalin exchanges about Poland from the outset.

Certainly distrust did not grow abruptly beyond Yalta. It was a fixed characteristic of the alliance, which was clearly a marriage of necessity. Stalin showed less gratitude for aid than complaints about delays. And in his mounting demands for a second front he demonstrated the distrust which grew into malignant flower when at the war's end he charged that Britain and the USA were accepting the easy surrender of Germans in the West while in the East Hitler's remnants still fought to hold insignificant places "which they need just as much as a dead man needs a poultice." If the Russians published this book for their purposes, they have provided a classic study of Anglo-American patience with the Muscovite bear.

Obviously, however, the exchanges were not between Stalin and the innocents. In reassuring Stalin about American use of the dubious French admiral, "the rogue Darlan," in North Africa, the Prime Minister said, "Military strategy should know how to use for the war aims not only the Darlans, but even the Devil and his grandmother." Though not included in this correspondence, Roosevelt brought back a similar proverb from his meeting with Churchill in Casablanca.

This correspondence makes clear the better understanding between Churchill and Roosevelt in contrast with the dealings of each with the imperious and irascible Russian. Yet, obviously, Roosevelt hoped to do something about the sharper differences between Stalin and Churchill when he proposed in 1943 that he and the Marshal meet in Alaska or across the Bering Straits in Russian territory. Another meeting place, he wrote, "would make it, quite frankly, difficult not to invite Prime Minister Churchill at the same time."

Undoubtedly, from the correspondence as published the Russians may hope to buttress the version of history they prefer. Also from it men who have been arguing since Yalta may find evidence to support their different views. However, if it serves the Russians who published it, it is a service as well to those who seek the story of the greatest drama in their times and the portraits of three of its great protagonists. (Attlee and Truman seem only latecoming understudies in the play.)

No thoughtful student of history in any country can legitimately complain of this publication. If the Russians have held back some documents or distorted others, the fault lies with American and British officials who let them publish first. It is hard for an ordinary reader to see how any security is involved in any of these documents now. And all that serves the documentation of debate now serves, too, understanding of a great continuing conflict. World War II is history, but it is also basis for present understanding. The lid should be lifted from all its documents. Complaint lies only against those in any country who keep them covered with an iron lid.

Success at Santiago

"The Splendid Little War," by Frank Freidel *(Little, Brown. 314 pp. $8.50), is an account of the small-scale and picturesque war that followed the sinking of the* Maine.

By John T. Winterich

THE adjectives in Mr. Freidel's title are not his, but John Hay's. They occur in a letter to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt of the Rough Riders, who had charged up San Juan Hill in Cuba a few weeks earlier: "It has been a splendid little war; begun with the highest motives, carried on with magnificence and spirit, favored by that fortune which loves the brave."

The Spanish-American War was splendid for those Americans who were not in it; "magnificent intelligence" was not conspicuous in the upper echelons on either side; the spirit was admirable; the American soldiers and sailors were indeed brave and were favored by fortune an Spanish ineptitude. And how about "little"? Yes—but it is Mr. Freidel's opinion that that same Spanish ineptitude, plus "the phenomenal luck of the Americans," were the factors that prevented the war from developing into just such a protracted strug-

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gle as the British were soon to be involved in in South Africa. It was a brush-fire war that almost got away from the firemen.

Its proximate cause was the sinking of the battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor on February 15, 1898, with the loss of 260 of her crew—and to this day it is not known whether the explosion that ripped the vessel apart was caused by a Spanish agent, or by a Cuban eager to embroil America, or by some mischance in her magazine. "Remember the *Maine*!" became the cry of the hour. The war produced one other nugget for the quotation books. At the battle of Santiago on July 3rd a gun crew on the *Texas* yelled as one of their shells went home in a Spanish ship. Captain John Woodward Philip reproved them with the words, "Don't cheer, boys, those poor devils are dying." Captain Philip was a devout and pious man, but his chaplain was even more so, for the chaplain always insisted that Philip had said "fellows," not "devils."

The victory at Santiago virtually brought hostilities to a close, and Mr. Freidel's book itself concludes soon after that climactic event. (He does see the troops off to the Philippines, where their travail would be "long and difficult" and "more costly" than the splendid little affair in the Antilles.) Mr. Freidel's main concern is the fighting itself, and he reports it largely in the words of eye-witnesses, chiefly combatants and correspondents. For the Spanish-American was certainly the most abundantly correspondented war in the history of the world up to 1898. Eighty-nine of them sailed out of Tampa with the first contingent of Cuba-bound troops.

Mr. Freidel's heavy reliance on quotation makes for a somewhat choppy presentation, but it keeps the action vividly alive. The text is supported by a pictorial accompaniment which can only be described as magnificent. The more than 300 illustrations (largely photographs, with numerous drawings and a scattering of maps) constitute by themselves a running history of the war. The 10½″ x 8¼″ page is exactly the right size to give this great gallery perfect play. No official or professional photographers accompanied the fleet, but amateurs among the crews found or made time, even in the heat of battle, to take snapshots. Captain Robley D. ("Fighting Bob") Evans of the *Iowa* detected "a cadet, lately from Annapolis, deliberately tilting a camera at the *Oquendo* while the machine guns of that ship were making the air sing. He will," he remarked, "probably remember for many years to come the few words I addressed to him." But the cadet got the pictures.

Piloting a Nation to Its Destiny

"The Era of Theodore Roosevelt, 1900-1912," by George E. Mowry *(Harper. 316 pp. $5), is a study of T.R. and of his role in the politics of reform. Our reviewer, Eric F. Goldman, is a professor of history at Princeton University and the author of "Rendezvous with Destiny: A History of American Political Reform."*

By Eric F. Goldman

LIKE everything else, history has its styles and in no phase of American history is this clearer than in the treatment of the pre-World War I reform movement. During the New Deal enthusiasm of the 1930s historians usually wrote about the progressivism of the early 1900s in a glow of approval. Amid the disenchantment of the 1950s they have tended to treat the Roosevelt-Wilson years with sharp criticism or at least with tongue in cheek. The latest study of early twentieth-century reformism, George E. Mowry's "The Era of Theodore Roosevelt," has neither tone. It is favorable without ecstasy and critical without sarcasm or denunciation.

Mr. Mowry, professor of history at the University of California in Los Angeles, brings to the book years of research in the pre-World War I period. From this intimate knowledge he first depicts the United States of 1900—a wondrously burgeoning land but one with economic and social ills so serious that they threatened the very unity of the country. Mr. Mowry then moves on to a political and intellectual analysis of the rising progressive dissent. These chapters skilfully synthesize what others have said, and contribute many fresh insights for the reader.

All of this is background for the central figure of the volume—the redoubtable Teddy Roosevelt. T.R., too, has gone through his cycle in historical interpretation, and here again Mr. Mowry holds firmly to a middle position. He makes plain that Roosevelt cannot be accepted at the estimate of his more rapturous devotees, who have made of him a noble progressivism incarnate. On the other hand, the volume argues convincingly that T.R.'s canny politics, his remarkable instinct for assessing public sentiment, and his hardheaded visions made him a tremendously important figure in successfully taking America over the bridge from its agrarian past to its industrial destiny.

Summarizing the Roosevelt role, Mr. Mowry writes:

> Measured against the world-wide socialism of today perhaps Roosevelt was a conservative. What American statesman would not be? But in the context of American history and of his own times his conservatism, to say the least, was a most peculiar type. . . . If occasionally he felt a horror of extremes, that did not stop him at other times from going a long way toward the polar positions when public ends and personal ambitions were pushing him. If at times he criticized radicals, he was also vociferous in his criticism of conservatives. The truth is that Roosevelt, the politician,

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often called himself a conservative when he was going in a radical direction and a radical when he was headed the opposite way. Likewise, when writing to his more conservative friends, he was a conservative, and to his more progressive supporters he was a progressive. To the middle he was usually the practical man dealing in justice.

Mr. Mowry is not as felicitous in handling T.R.'s successor, William Howard Taft. The treatment is too obvious an attempt at fairness rather than the subtle portrayal of a real human being and a pathetically complex political figure. Yet even here the volume provides a serious and sensible treatment of a President who has usually been brushed aside as the man who happened to occupy the White House between Roosevelt and Wilson.

"The Era of Theodore Roosevelt" is a notable addition to Harper's lengthening New American Nation Series. Deeply informed, thoughtful, often provocative, and always readable, it has a good deal to say to the expert and it provides rich reading for the layman.

The Struggle and Spirit of '76

***"Four Days in July," by Cornel Lengyel** (Doubleday. 360 pp. $4.95), is an account of the Declaration of Independence and of those men who, in 1776, fought for and against its adoption. It is reviewed by Bruce Lancaster, the author of many books about the American Revolution.*

By Bruce Lancaster

CORNEL LENGYEL seeks to recreate those few awesome days of '76 when the Continental Congress battled over and finally adopted what the author rightly terms "the proud and noble declaration" of independence. By means of the "hour-by-hour" technique he has succeeded admirably. The delegates, their debates, quarrels, hesitations, misgivings, fears, withholdings, and forthgivings spring vibrantly to life. They are real people wrestling with a very real problem. Just as alive are the rose-brick city of Philadelphia and the high-towered State House that was the arena for the intense struggle. Vivid, too, are the uncounted men and women, great and small, who swarmed about the banks of the Schuylkill or watched the comings and goings of the delegates. In fact, Mr. Lengyel's main characters gain much of their immediacy from his excellent use of lesser folk, known or anonymous. The whole scene is deftly tied into the outer world by transitions in time and space that unveil earlier years and other sections and other lands.

Action is set forth partly through exposition but chiefly through carefully reconstructed dialogue based on what given men and women are known to have said or thought or hoped or feared. The net result is to make the reader a contemporary of the actors of 1776, to project him into those days of magnificent daring when it became "necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another." Through those days and with those people he lives intensely and intimately.

Here is Thomas Jefferson, leaving his lodgings in Graff's house on July 1, eager and at the same time apprehensive over the thought that on this day the great Declaration, largely his own work and words, must be brought forth in the paneled hall of the State House for a debate whose outcome he dares not guess. His mahogany writing-box is under his arm and in the hall he will consult the box's built-in thermometer and note that it reads 81.5 F. Up at his estate, Fair Hill, "Farmer John" Dickinson breakfasts with his family on the terrace, having reached a wracking decision. He cannot support the Declaration, so he will go north to New York to serve as

colonel under Washington in the face of imminent enemy landings. Benjamin Franklin, gout-ridden but ever affable, is borne through the new morning in a sedan chair by "trusties" from the city jail. John Adams nervously takes time to be shaved and his barber chatters on about the temper of the city. Adams listens carefully, though part of his mind is concerned with the health of his cousin Sam. John Hancock, president of the Congress, bowls up in a fine coach, a little late as his detractors note.

The debates roll on, sometimes dragging, sometimes scorching with acrimony or ablaze with inspiration. Sessions end and the delegates scatter to lodgings or taverns to argue on in knots and clusters, striving to bolster up weak points or to swing some doubtful member to one side or the other. All this the reader shares, lives, just as he participates in Silas Deane's amazement in Paris at Beaumarchais's quick tender of material, if unofficial, French support for the Colonies. With Lord North he is horrified as George III slowly dissolves before his eyes in a fit of recurrent insanity.

All this is fast-paced, but Mr. Lengyel sustains it throughout a long book. There are many moving passages, but none more so than the conclusion where he shows another July 4, fifty years later. The two chief architects of the immortal Declaration —Thomas Jefferson and John Adams —slowly ebb out with the day, their last vestiges of consciousness clinging to their memories of 1776 and of the men of that year. Many will find this a difficult passage to read aloud with a steady voice.

Mr. Lengyel is less sure-footed when he touches on matters military. His text is ever alive, but marred by factual errors. He speaks often of John Burgoyne leading swarms of Hessians up Champlain against Benedict Arnold in 1776. This invasion was under Sir Guy Carleton, and his force was a hundred per cent British, save for a few Hesse-Hanau gunners, and Arnold was a mere brigade commander. The South Carolina *coup* was not part of a "three-pronged attack," but a side-venture by Admiral Sir Peter Parker and General Sir Henry Clinton. Richard Montgomery's Quebec assault never even got started and Arnold made the lightest of penetrations into the Lower Town. Other miscues may be noted, but since this book is about the Declaration of Independence and the men who fought for or against it, they do not detract in any important measure from a story that, as Christopher Ward wrote of Valley Forge, "has been told and told again, but not once too often"— and now admirably by Mr. Lengyel.

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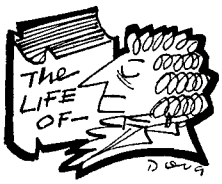
Literary Horizons

Continued from page 33

describing Shady Hill at night, he writes: "The village hangs, morally and economically, from a thread; but it hangs by its thread in the evening light." The figure of speech suggests his vision of the quality of the life he is writing about. For his characters, life in Shady Hill, whatever its limitations, represents stability. The hero of the title story sees this clearly: "Shady Hill is, as I say, a *banlieue* and open to criticism by city planners, adventurers, and lyric poets, but if you work in the city and have children to raise, I can't think of a better place." Thus Johnny Hake is awakened to an appreciation of what Shady Hill means to him because he has become, in his own mind, an outcast. He knows he can lose what he has, and it is therefore dear to him. But of course everyone is vulnerable; every life "hangs, morally and economically, from a thread."

The best of the stories are concerned with this vulnerability. Johnny Hake loses his job and finds himself a common thief. Francis Weed in "The Country Husband" is subjected to a series of unusual emotional experiences, and is able to re-achieve stability only by virtue of a psychiatrist's advice and woodwork as therapy. Marcie Flint is led into adultery by the least predictable of paths. Cash Bentley in "O Youth and Beauty!" and Will Pym in "Just Tell Me Who It Was" are victims of the encroaching years. The thread breaks or it almost breaks, and the result is a crisis that absorbs the reader's attention.

I am not suggesting that Cheever's success can be explained solely in terms of his sense of vulnerability. He is one of the sharpest of observers, and some of his descriptions of suburban scenes are a pure joy. He has also developed an admirable technique for handling a complex series of incidents, so that such a story as "The Trouble of Marcie Flint" has a remarkable density. But his great gift is for entering into the minds of men and women at crucial moments. Johnny Hake's relief when he is pulled back from the abyss, Charles Flint's euphoric state just before disaster hits him, Francis Weed's delayed response to an airplane accident—it is in such passages as these that Cheever shows his mastery. Cheever knows where drama is to be found, and he has taught himself how to make the most of it.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

". . . THE ONLY TRUE HISTORY"

Here are twenty titles of recent biographies; scrambled at the right are (Column Two) the names of the authors and (Column Three) the names of the subjects. (Where the title includes the name of the subject, a blank is here employed.) Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to assign correct authors and subjects to correct titles. Answers on page 52.

1. "A Victorian Romantic"	( ) Jerry Allen	( ) Béla Bartók
2. "By Deeds of Truth"	( ) Eileen Bigland	( ) Lord Byron
3. "_____: His Tragedy and Triumph"	( ) Catherine Drinker Bowen	( ) Sir Edward Coke
4. "_____: His Life and Strife"	( ) Edwin H. Cady	( ) Joseph Conrad
5. "In Quest of Love"	( ) Faith Chipperfield	( ) Charles Dickens
6. "Naked to Mine Enemies"	( ) Richard Crowder	( ) F. Scott Fitzgerald
7. "Olympio"	( ) Oswald Doughty	( ) Sigmund Freud
8. "Orpheus at Eighty"	( ) Agatha Fassett	( ) Margaret Fuller
9. "Passion for Excitement"	( ) Charles Ferguson	( ) Sir William S. Gilbert
10. "_____: The Portrait of a Prophet"	( ) Modest Hofmann and André Pierre	( ) William Dean Howells
11. "The Far Side of Paradise"	( ) Edgar Johnson	( ) Victor Hugo
12. "The Fine and the Wicked"	( ) Ernest Jones	( ) Ouida
13. "The Last Phase: 1919-1939"	( ) Maurice Levaillant	( ) Mme. Récamier and Mme. de Staël
14. "The Lion and the Throne"	( ) André Maurois	( ) James Whitcomb Riley
15 "The Moth and the Star"	( ) Arthur Mizener	( ) Dante Gabriel Rossetti
16. "The Naked Face of Genius"	( ) Hesketh Pearson	( ) John Ruskin
17. "The Passionate Exiles"	( ) Aileen Pippett	( ) Leo Tolstoy
18. "The Road to Realism"	( ) Peter Quennell	( ) Giuseppe Verdi
19. "The Thunder and the Sunshine"	( ) Vincent Sheean	( ) Cardinal Wolsey
20. "Those Innocent Years"	( ) Monica Stirling	( ) Virginia Woolf

Books on Education

Continued from page 27

tion of Purpose and Practice," as promised by the subtitle.

The volume does succeed, however, in giving the layman a partial picture of the background of America's complex system of public education. Three articles, in particular, give special insight and coherence to what public education is all about. In the concluding chapter William O. Stanley of the University of Illinois contributes a superior statement on the bases for "Change and Continuity in American Education." He states, for example:

> . . . where society is divided and confused about the basic postulates of the public welfare, confusion and conflict in education are inevitable. Some of the current disputes in education may be concerned with purely technical questions. But most of the controversies over curricula, methods, administrative techniques, even report cards, are ultimately controversies about the ends and purposes of education—which is but another way of saying that they are about the type of persons and the kind of society the school should seek to build. For this reason the re-establishment of a common definition of the purposes and principles constituting the public welfare is the central pedagogical problem in the United States at the present time.

Lawrence A. Cremin's discussion of "The Future of the American Common School" (which, incidentally, deals almost entirely with the past) is outstanding, as is George Z. F. Bereday's "The Race Problems in American Education."

But there are surprising gaps for a purportedly "balanced, honest, and comprehensive presentation." One is tempted to wonder, for instance, what place the teacher holds in the thinking of these educators when not a single chapter has been devoted to the most important element and influence in our schools. Most taxpayers would agree that improvement in the number and quality of teachers is far more important than an increase in the use of slides and 16 mm. films, which is the concern of one essay. The criticism of teacher education is further compounded by R. Freeman Butts's implied order of importance in teacher training. Mr. Butts states that a "study of the culture and human behavior" comes first, followed by "an understanding

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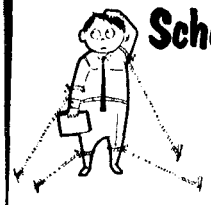

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of the general structure, administration, control, and operation of the educational system." Only then, and in a brief paragraph, does he acknowledge the place of mastery of subject matter.

Wanting also is a lucid and honest interpretation of John Dewey's approach, together with a castigation of the many who, in ignorance of what he tried to do and when he tried to do it, blame Dewey for all the alleged evils of today's education. Though I. L. Kandel does mention Dewey, Mr. Kandel's overly detailed and unexplained meanderings through philosophical history are inadequate.

The most serious weakness is one difficult to understand. The book pretends to set "the record straight as to the purposes and achievements of American public education . . . from elementary school through college." But Elbert K. Fretwell's contribution on "The American College: Purposes and Practices" has only occasional references specifically to public institutions. The volume lacks, therefore, the extra dimension which might have emerged from a discussion of the social consciousness of our public colleges and universities which led to extension, adult education of various sorts, and direct services, all of which are so characteristic of public higher education. There is no reference either to the number of public teachers' colleges which each state supports, as well as the technical institutes and the host of other divisions of public education beyond the high school. American education at all levels has been influenced dramatically by the growth of public colleges and universities. This volume should have noted that impact.

Because seventeen authors contributed, the writing is somewhat uneven, repetitious, and inconsistent. Only occasionally, however, does it lapse into the clichés which mark so much educational exposition. Perhaps this is because the articles were prepared originally for an Italian journal.

Pick of the Paperbacks

GREAT ISSUES IN AMERICAN HISTORY. *Edited by Richard Hofstadter. Vintage. 2 vols. $1.25 each.* Documentary selections from prose writings and speeches that helped to make the history of our country. In volume one, representative pieces range from Thomas Paine to Lincoln, and in volume two, which covers the years 1864 to 1957, the selections include speeches by Wilson, FDR, and Eisenhower. This comprehensive catalogue of important issues is accompanied by extensive and elucidating introductions.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1277

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

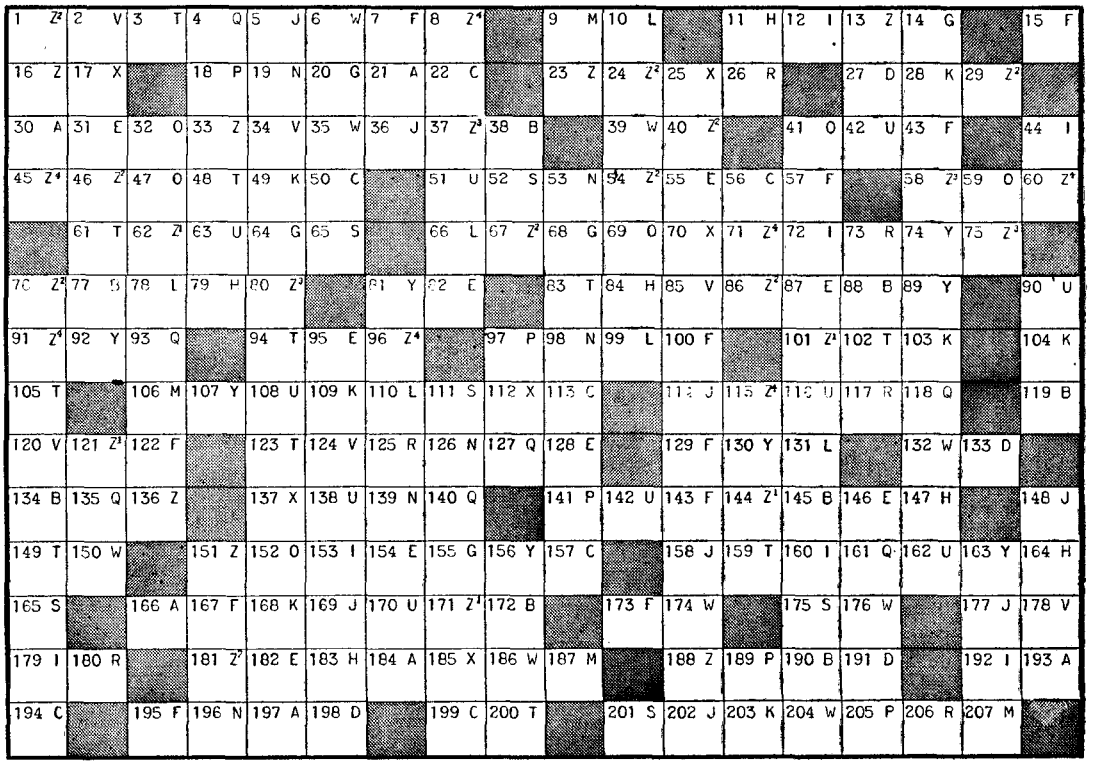
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English engineer who laid first transatlantic cable, 1858.	166 21 30 197 193 184
B. Valuable New Zealand timber tree, like our Lombardy poplar (comp.).	77 38 119 145 88 172 134 190
C. Attribute of the "flying purple people-eater" in modern popular song (comp.).	199 113 194 157 22 56 50
D. Describing a sum not subject to deduction.	191 198 133 27
E. Same definition as for Word C (comp.).	82 31 128 87 95 182 146 154 55
F. Substance of speedy and effective messages (2 wds. from phrase in Homer)	129 173 122 143 167 43 15 7 195 57 100
G. Amer. war correspondent killed in air accident toward close of World War II.	64 14 68 155 20
H. To praise.	11 84 147 183 79 164
I. Specifying state of the motor at its lowest gear (2 wds.).	72 12 44 153 160 179 192
J. Synopsis of lectures or brief abstract.	114 202 177 5 169 148 36 158
K. Take tender care of.	168 109 49 203 104 103 28
L. A melanocratic hornblende-gabbro dike rock.	78 131 66 99 110 10
M. Negroes of the Slave Coast; sheep.	187 9 106 207
N. Prophet who reproved David for causing Uriah's death.	19 196 139 98 53 126

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Backbones of animals.	152 41 59 47 69 32
P. Masculine proper name meaning firmness.	141 97 189 18 205
Q. Small herringlike fish caught in great numbers for foods.	135 118 127 140 4 161 93
R. Wicked.	26 117 73 125 180 206
S. Dutch statesman, 17th cent., opposed House of Orange.	165 111 52 175 201 65
T. The Big Bad Wolf's method of attack (3 wds.).	83 149 94 200 102 105 48 3 159 61 123
U. A woman expecting her first child.	170 142 138 108 63 51 116 162 90 42
V. Swift dromedary used by French army in Algeria.	85 178 120 2 124 34
W. Finally (3 wds.).	132 150 35 39 6 186 204 176 174
X. Most recent.	70 112 137 25 17 185
Y. Animation of manner, liveliness.	92 74 163 130 156 107 81 89
Z. In the most undesirable circumstances (2 wds.).	16 188 23 13 136 151 33
Z-1 An iron dovetailed tenon made in sections.	144 121 101 62 171
Z-2 Highest court of common law during the English Commonwealth (2 wds.).	46 86 76 29 54 181 40 1 67 24
Z-3 To corrode a surface as with acid.	80 37 75 58
Z-4 Loosely, a member of any legislative body.	60 115 8 91 71 45 96

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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The Goal of Maturity

Continued from page 21

the typical college teacher selects and defines problems to be studied without challenging the student to use his abilities in identifying the problems and finding materials for solving them. And all too often the student is expected to hand back an answer previously determined by the teacher as being the correct one. The net effect of this kind of procedure is that the student learns to pass tests rather than to assimilate knowledge and use it in meeting the real problems of life.

Sometimes it seems as if the American college were designed to shelter its students from life rather than to help them grow toward maturity. At the life stage when the non-college young person is expected to take a job and do the work of an adult, the presumably more capable young person who has been admitted to college is insulated from such trying experiences by the walls of the college. For four years he is denied the opportunity to assume and discharge the responsibilities of an adult unless it is outside the college.

The unusual student is sometimes able to surmount the hurdles that stand in the way of developing his creative abilities and an inquiring mind but for most the life of the typical college is too soft and they do not know just why.

On every faculty there are some brave and adventurous souls who are concerned about the lack of opportunity for real intellectual development among students. These individuals know that the faculty is giving too little attention to creating conditions that are suitable for learning but when it comes to bringing about change they find that their colleagues are more interested in being subject-matter specialists than they are in being first-rate teachers.

If we really want to improve our colleges we will have to give the adult in the student a chance to emerge. This means, I think, that as soon as the student arrives at college from high school he should be confronted with real problems that will challenge him and still be within his ability to solve. In place of our facile orientation weeks we need to put him to work at once by requiring him to assume some responsibility in planning his college program. This requires good counselling from a member of the faculty for it is not an occasion for handing down dicta nor prescribing a set of courses. It is rather a time for raising questions, discovering strengths and weaknesses, getting the student to express aspirations, and make appraisals and intelligent choices.

To give the student a chance to become independent from the teacher the frequency of class meetings should decrease as his stay in college increases. If he needs to meet with a teacher and a group three times a week for each course as a freshman, he should do very well with only two class meetings in each course the second year and perhaps with only one in his third and fourth years. And in his final semester he ought to be able to devote all of his study time to independent study on a problem or subject of considerable magnitude. His ability to work independently in the use of books and other learning materials will be stimulated and enhanced if he is required to select and work on real problems rather than to devote his energies to passing tests.

All the way through the student needs to work with adults who will be constantly challenging him to carry his inquiries further and into new fields. Moreover he needs to be put into situations where if he fails to produce, the well-being of others will be affected adversely. This may mean that the college will have to see that its students take jobs in the community outside the campus on which they will be expected to function as responsible adults. Such jobs exist in abundance.

If the college is a place where young adults are given responsible jobs, if it lets them experience the satisfactions of real intellectual achievement rather than the spurious one of passing teacher-made tests, if it encourages creative endeavor, and requires critical thinking and independent study, the softness will disappear from campus life and the quality of education will improve immediately and steadily.

Believing What I Know

By William Stafford

A LAKE on the map of Canada
may forget in the snow—
in the spring be gone.

Imagine flower-eyes
nodding a little breeze,
looking at the land where the lake was.

Many things that were true
disappeared, grew up in grass,
and now hide from flowers that stare.

I learn from the land. Some day
like a field I may take the next thing
so well that whatever is will be me.

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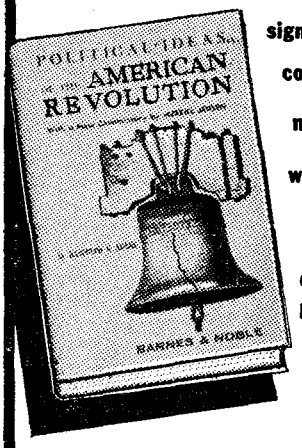

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Emotions

Continued from page 22

judgment and valuation. To help in this process of education the teacher has at his disposal the whole range of the world's artistic legacy.

There are two qualities which mark the maturity of an emotional state. They are sensitiveness and objectivity. Immature emotion is crude and egocentric. Sensitive feeling is exact in its reference; it distinguishes its object clearly and it changes with relevant changes in the situation.

All this will be agreed by anyone who knows what is meant by a refined sensibility. The claim that mature emotion is objective, however, is likely to meet with astonished rejection. The truth seems to me to be that both thought and feeling are capable of objectivity; that much of our thinking as well as of our feeling is infected with subjectivity, and that in both a perfect objectivity is hard to achieve.

I shall admit willingly that it is far harder to achieve in the emotional field. There is wishful thinking, biased thinking, as well as mere sloppy thinking. There is feeling that is sentimental, self-interested, or perverted. But insofar as our emotional state achieves objectivity it provides us with a valid knowledge and appreciation of its object.

This aspect of emotional development is wedded to solitariness. It is contemplative; it watches, it listens and enjoys. But there is another aspect which is mutual and reciprocal, since it is concerned with our relations to one another. We know one another only through a reciprocity of feeling; through a sharing of experience. But more than this, we are persons only through our personal relationships, so that in this kind of experience we are at the absolute center of human existence, from which all other experience issues and to which it must return.

The starting-point is the same for everyone. We are born into a total dependence upon another person—the mother. She is our whole world; and our emotional life is directed towards her. It is therefore originally undifferentiated in its reference. It is also wholly egocentric. For the infant, the mother—his whole world—exists to care for him, to satisfy his needs. Consequently, our emotional development has two sides, a process of discrimination and an overcoming of egocentricity.

The discrimination creates a world of persons and things, to each of which we are related emotionally. From an educational point of view what is important is that this differentiation of emotional relations should be correctly achieved; to each object its appropriate emotional attitude. In particular, it is essential that the relations with persons should remain central, or in other words that our direct personal relations should retain their supreme importance, and all other values be subordinated to them.

The other side of the development—overcoming egocentricity—is both more difficult and more characteristic. Emotional discrimination cannot be carried through at all without it. To overcome egocentricity means to achieve self-transcendence, to set one's center of interest outside oneself, to care for the other. This capacity for self-transcendence *is* rationality. To be objective in this sense is to have the center of one's intellectual interest outside oneself.

The intellectual is a very partial form of self-transcendence. Complete rationality is only possible if the object for which we exist is personal, since only another person can provide the conditions which make such a total self-transcendence both possible and meaningful. We can care wholly for another person only; with any other object such an attitude is both sentimental and perverse. Only when we have learned to live for another person—to think, feel and act for another person—have we learned to love.

Can this aspect of emotional development be taught? Yes, but not by any educational technique. It can be learned only in personal relation to a teacher who is himself emotionally mature, and in the measure to which the teacher has achieved this maturity. The natural school for the learning is the home, and nearly all of us learn something of the lesson there. But few of us get very far. As an aid to the learning we have religion; for this is the function of religion, however unconsciously and poorly particular religious institutions may carry it out. I have had to limit myself to suggesting the character and the goals of a true education of emotion. Perhaps this is the important thing. If we are clear about what it is that has to be done, the methods for doing it should not be too difficult to discover.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 19, 9, 14, 18, 5, 20, 1, 16, 6, 2, 3, 13, 17, 7, 11, 4, 15, 10, 8, 12. Column Three should read: 16, 9, 14, 19, 3, 11, 13, 5, 4, 18, 7, 12, 17, 20, 1, 10, 2, 8, 6, 15.

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Grass-Roots Report

(*Continued from page 17*)

the-country effort to bridge the gap between content and method; to harness the "scholar" and "teacher" in a team; to develop, in our colleges of education, a more firmly grounded teacher and a more modern administrator. I found a clear recognition that the next phase of education's continuing development in this country is to meet the special needs of the "academically-talented" as well as those of the handicapped and "late-bloomers."

I found a touching love for children among the public-school brethren and a tenderness which our hard, brassy national hedonism has tended to derogate. I found a clear realization that serious intellectual training was imperative for our youth, but a defiant "no" to the assumption that intellect was any more important in the scale of values than "citizenship," "the ability to get along with others," and "loyalty to our democratic aspirations."

The answer to Sputnik, say our teachers, is not less democracy but more. They want specialists, but they also want humanist, Christian or ethical specialists, as the case may be. The problem, of course, is money. Walter Lippman said it pointedly, in 1954, at a San Francisco meeting of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools:

> We have to do in the educational system something very like what we have done in the military establishment . . . We have to make a break-through to a radically higher and broader conception of what is needed and of what can be done. Our educational effort today . . . is still approximately in the same position as was the military effort of this country before Pearl Harbor . . .

* * *

Looking back on my three months in education-land, I ask, "Am I now a convert to anti-intellectual, philistinic mediocrity in our culture?" I am still worried about the forces in our country which are pushing us to Orwell's nasty nightmare. I find, however, that our public schools are not their breeding ground. I find that responsible educators are asking questions—important questions—and this is good. The more quickly that citizens outside the schools make it possible for more educators to ask many more questions much faster, the better it will be. I am now persuaded that the public schools are the only secular agency we have at hand to arrest our society's dark pressures and turn us again towards Plato's sunlight.

"I HAVE A SON I'VE NEVER SEEN"*

"I have a son that I have never seen, whose language I do not speak and who does not understand mine.

Today, and every summer day, tourists from many lands throng the town of Delphi in Greece. They come to view those scenes made sacred through literature and history. Near this town lives my son Nikolaos.

In my mind's eye I see him now, walking those well worn paths, climbing the craggy hills, attending the quaint old school. I see him visiting the old, battered, bullet-scarred church. I see him going home to the tiny one-room house where he lives with his mother and sister. In my imagination I step through the door. I see the one hard bed, the crude table and bench, the battered box that serves as a chest and the makeshift stove. I count the ornaments of the place — a few flowers in a tiny jug and love. The young mother works, when there is work, as a laborer on a nearby farm. The work is heavy and the hours are long. She is paid ten dollars a month. One fifty of this she pays for rent.

There was a war. Remember? War took this child's father and made him my son. I am proud of him. His frequent letters in the characters of his own tongue are, when translated, the most beautiful literature I can read. I am proud of him.

In our world today there are millions of boys and girls who through war and horror have lost one or both parents. These children know no real home. They never have enough to eat. They have no proper clothes. They share but little love. They have no medical attention. There is no provision for their education. They have no future as we understand that term.

There is in our country an organization known as The Foster Parents' Plan. Through this Plan you may adopt one of these children. You may make yourself responsible for the health and education of one of these little ones. You may become a father or a mother in reality. You may know the joy and satisfaction a child's letters bring. You can know that somewhere in the world a child's prayers, on your behalf, rise like sweet incense to the Infinite. And you can see in your own life how they are answered."

** Written by Foster Parent Roland Porter about his "adopted" child.*

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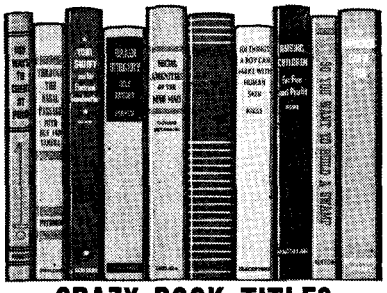

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Environment

Continued from page 19

to differences of all kinds; and isn't the understanding of differences the very heart of education?

* * *

Children will tend to be proud of a handsome, well-equipped new school —that school belongs to *them*—not just as individuals, or as third- or tenth-graders, but as *children,* distinct from adults; this is something in the whole atmosphere of a good school that kids will respond to over and over.

One little girl who liked her new kindergarten room was asked why, and after a moment of thought she said, "This room says yes."

That is what all the classrooms should say; because if it isn't said in school, it isn't going to be said anywhere else. As life in America gets more centralized and departmentalized, there is less and less for children to do in a free, leisurely, spontaneous way. The world, more and more, says no.

Just how you go about making a room or a school say yes is a complicated question; the total answer, of course, cannot be given in words; it is given in blueprints, by a skilled and imaginative architect. Architecture at its best transcends the merely efficient.

Point Spread for Phi Betes

By Frank W. Abrams, *Former Board Chairman, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.)*

LAST YEAR was a hard season for the college football star. His spectacular drop kick had been dwarfed by the high flung satellite, and his athletic scholarship, which enables him to live in a manner befitting one who can pull a $200,000 gate, had been called into question. Why all this scholarship money for brawn, people mutter, when our colleges should be developing brains?

As one who is muttering as nervously as the next man, and yet as one who would hate to see our football stadiums empty on crisp autumn Saturday afternoons, I have given a lot of thought to the problem. What must be done, it seems to me, is to encourage and offer appropriate financial reward to the triple-threat student—the man who can not only receive a fast lateral, but can also preside over the Student Union and be working for a degree in something other than "Recreation."

My plan for bringing about this desirable reform is very simple. It consists in having all college athletic departments adopt a handicap system for their football teams similar to that used at horse racing tracks. On normal racing days at Saratoga or Belmont, for example, the various entries are handicapped by weight and past record in order to assure fair races. The principle seems to me excellent, and confirms my belief that we can learn a thing or two from the ponies.

In fitting the handicap system to football, I would suggest that a point system for scoring be worked out on the basis of the I.Q.'s of the players. The higher the average I.Q. of a team, the less chance it may be supposed to have of winning. Accordingly, the greater handicap it should be given. If the collective I.Q. of the Cloven Hoof Teachers' College Team is 113, say, and Bitter Root Tech's is 103, then Cloven Hoof should start the game with a 10-point lead. Under normal conditions in the course of the game, Bitter Root may be expected to catch up with a touchdown, a conversion, and a field goal.

I realize, of course, that such a system is open to abuses. Psychologists assigned to determine the I.Q.'s of the players would have to be very carefully selected. Preferably they should have no interest either in football or in betting, and such men are hard to find. Then, too, coaches would have to be sharply watched to see that they did not surreptitiously scout the college libraries and round up Phi Beta Kappas to use as bench warmers, sitting there simply to raise the team's I.Q. handicap.

All in all, though, the handicap system seems to me worth a try. I look forward to a fine October Saturday when my fellow football enthusiasts and I can rise *en masse* in a stadium and give the old locomotive cheer for men who are not only tackling each other hard, but also their thermodynamics and their Plato.

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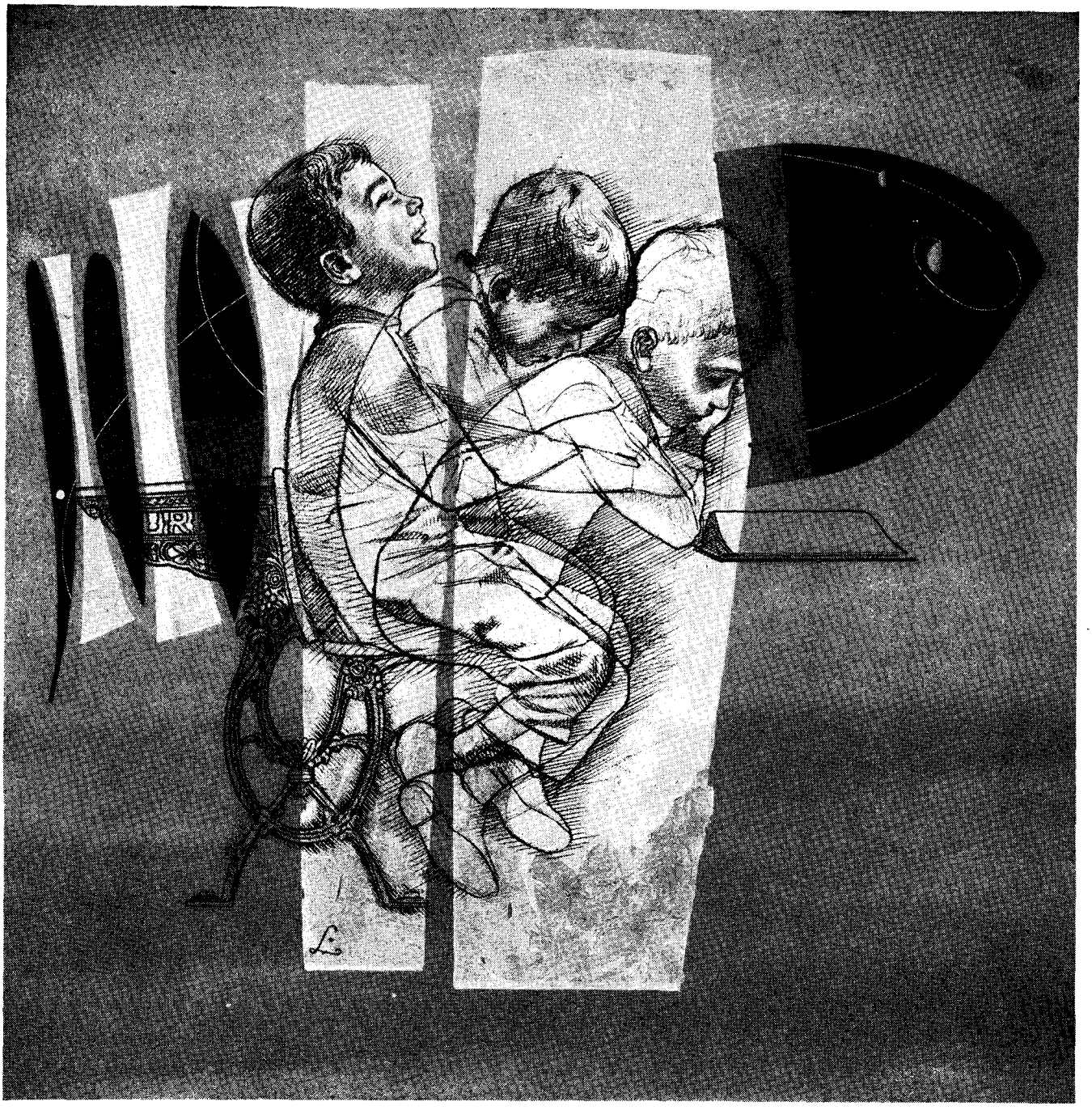

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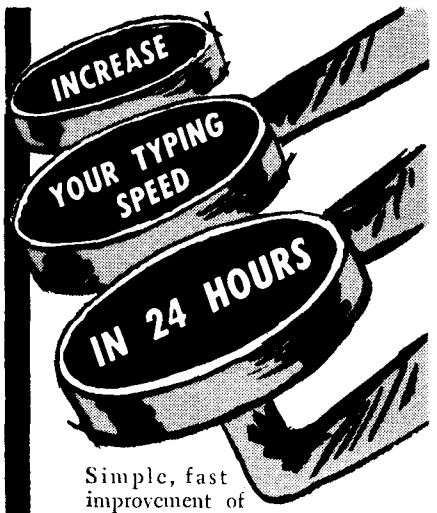

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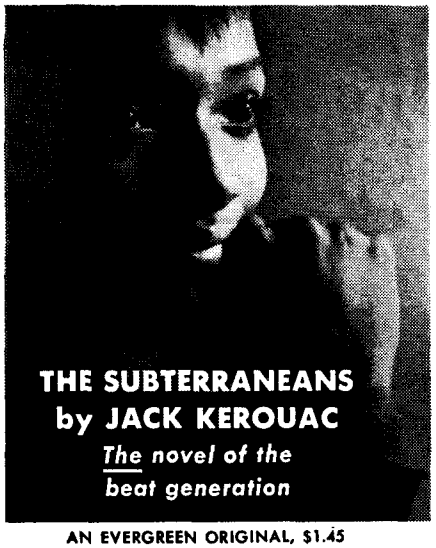

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Foundation

Continued from page 24

The young dean has dreamed dreams and the older divisional chairmen have seen visions. They are all set to go, when the treasurer's green light flashes on.

Every foundation will welcome the opportunity to review and appraise proposals which call for new and better endeavors, experiments which promise significance within the fields within which the foundation operates. It is becoming increasingly clear, however, that those foundations choosing to make substantial grants for the creative advance of the individual institution must be ready to gamble not alone on creative proposals but more frequently on creative leaders.

The procedure may become more common of inviting those colleges and universities to accept generous grants, where the leadership has shown itself wisely aggressive, aware both of current inadequacies and of current opportunities, and able to dream. These will not be for the needs of the operating budget as it now stands with its strange color-pattern of black-and-red, but for those creative ideas germane to the campus, crying for release and fulfillment. With their huge resources, the foundations can afford to use some of their "venture capital" for the proposals which appear doubtful, but which, if tried and proved successful, could be of splendid public benefit. They can encourage and foster them as no national educational agency is prepared to do.

Rephrasing a sentence from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund report, *The Pursuit of Excellence*: the foundation "should see its role as that of a pacemaker rather than as confirming traditional and often outdated attitudes."

The third door for foundation giving opens not upon the local but upon the national scene. Major educational problems must be faced with an intercollegiate, a nation-wide, and at times a world concern.

The major issues of higher education today are not fundamentally local or institutional; they stretch from gulf to Canadian border and coast to coast. And if they are to be met directly and honestly, they must be viewed nationally and internationally. Within our American foundations lie the resources for the gathering together of able, experienced minds, competent fact-finding groups, and educational explorers. Within the foundations are the resources to set up experimental centers on a national or state or institutional basis. Within the foundations are the resources to see, when experimentation gives trustworthy answers, that sufficient financial encouragement is given to translate those answers into local endeavors.

Here are some national and international issues to which the foundation resources of leadership and financial aid may well be directed in still greater measure than they are at present: the recruitment of teachers at all educational levels; the improvement of teaching-quality; the expansion and improvement of adult education; the contemporary issue of student-irresponsibility (the Indian educator uses the word *indiscipline*); the legitimate place of moral, spiritual, and religious values within education; the outreach of education to the language and to the traditions and cultures of other nations; the reorganization of graduate education with concern both for research and the preparation of college teachers; the indifference of the campus community to public affairs and the role of the citizen; the identification, nurture, and wise use of talent. Furthermore, one dare not omit the further development of systematic and organized research in all areas of human knowledge and activity.

Of the three choices of direction possible to the educational foundations of America, it is to be hoped that the third will command their fullest attention. The more demanding direction is that which points to struggle and prophecy; struggle with the issues of a nation's welfare, and the forecasting of the changes and the new opportunities which time will bring.

It is not the function of the foundation to impose patterns upon American education. That foundation, however, will be counted delinquent and wastrel to its magnificent resources if these are not used for courageous, honest struggle with fundamental questions. Out of the struggle will come suggestions, partial answers, promising endeavors, and the local institution will be the pilot center for new ways and wiser answers. This is not to neglect the local institution; it is to make it central. The future of American education—a future in which the educational foundations can be genuinely useful if they move in wise imagination—is to be found not in happy theory but in healthy colleges and universities.

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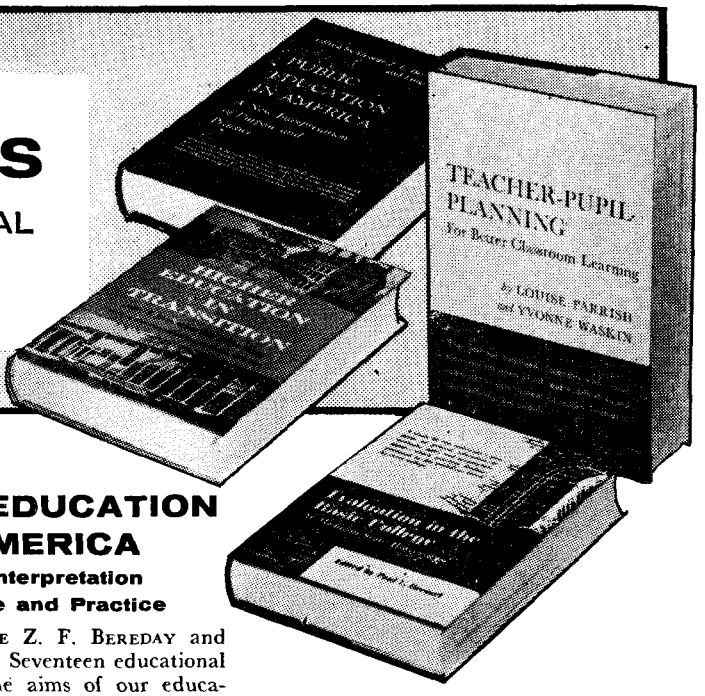
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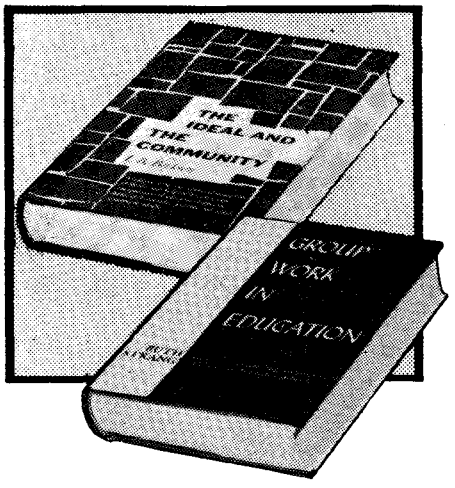

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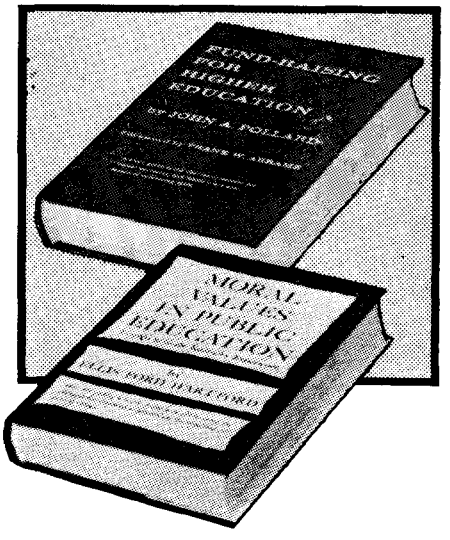

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Fixed Cat

HOMOSEXUALITY has generally been regarded as a distasteful subject for the motion picture screen, and all reference to it has therefore been eliminated from MGM's adaptation of **"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof."** And while this movie is often biting and strongly acted, while it is noisy, virulent, and violent, the hullabaloo much of the time seems directionless, like a hurricane without an eye. The Tennessee Williams story in its stage form struck me as having its moments of muddlement, too, but at least we had a good idea of what was essentially bothering Brick, why he was so averse to his wife and friendly towards the bottle. Brick's family, in the play, had suspicions about his close relationship with his friend, the football player. Brick obviously also had suspicions about himself. It was the taint of homosexuality that was disintegrating his marriage with Margaret and frustrating her designs on the family fortune.

Richard Brooks, in his screenplay (based, I gather, on an earlier one by James Poe) has made some fixes, and while I think they have disturbed the delicate mechanism of the story, one must be fair to him and realize that he was working under a large handicap—the attitude of the entire motion picture industry towards any treatment or mention of a subject like homosexuality. I am certainly not recommending that this attitude be changed *carte blanche*. Open the doors indiscriminately, and we'll have a flood of cheap, hypocritical films on the problems, perils and evils of the "other" sexuality. Save us from that!

But there is still possible a less explicit treatment than was given us in the play—which, after all, was not that explicit either. Since the movie has been made on a wholly adult level, one can assume a reasonably adult audience for it, one that would understand something suggested, rather than outspokenly stated. This, to a degree, was done with Robert Anderson's "Tea and Sympathy," although that movie was ruined by a ridiculously compromised ending. Mr. Brooks has, instead, made substitutions, and since he is neither as good a writer nor a motivator as Tennessee Williams, the story has been considerably weakened. It is now a story of getting Brick to grow up, to face life and responsibility, to be "mature," in other words, to accept some current amateur psychoanalytic jargon, as a way out of his difficulties.

Margaret, the girl whose bed Brick will not share, has been both elevated and cheapened. In the play she was almost as ruthless and scheming as her foxy, fecund sister-in-law; she wanted Brick because she wanted his child and the resultant inheritance. In the movie she bewails her frustration, begs for her husband's love-making (entirely explicitly) and is portrayed as essentially good rather than mean and nasty, as is her sister-in-law. She is also in love with her husband. This, of course, makes everything she does all right, according to standard Hollywood dramaturgy.

BUT, even though the plot has become rudderless, the movie still has some exceedingly well drawn characters to offer. Burl Ives's Big Daddy is monotonous for half the picture, then suddenly he comes to roaring life. Judith Anderson shows remarkable adaptability in shifting from Shakespearian tones to the slurred Southern of Big Mamma, and achieves a poignance and a strength that I had not suspected resided in the character. Elizabeth Taylor is at ease in the role of Margaret, and Paul Newman is adequate as Brick, even though the character is now virtually a static one. He suspects his wife of having been unfaithful with his best friend, but presumably the reason he now rejects her is not only for that, but because he can't face the end of his football and high hurdling career. Once he grows up, we're given to understand, he'll be able to assume once more his conjugal responsibilities.

Mr. Brooks has directed it all in a harsh, close-in style, with almost nothing of any pictorial significance or interest to relieve the intensity. One can complain, too, that the movie does not seem sufficiently "Southern." The plays of Tennessee Williams depend for their success, to a strong degree, on the atmosphere created around them, a secret that Elia Kazan well knows. Since the movies can create this atmosphere far more tellingly than the stage can, it is a shame not to do so. The rooms in Big Daddy's mansion might have been decorated by W. and J. Sloane. The South one does not see at all. Mr. Williams, our best contemporary playwright, deserves better than this.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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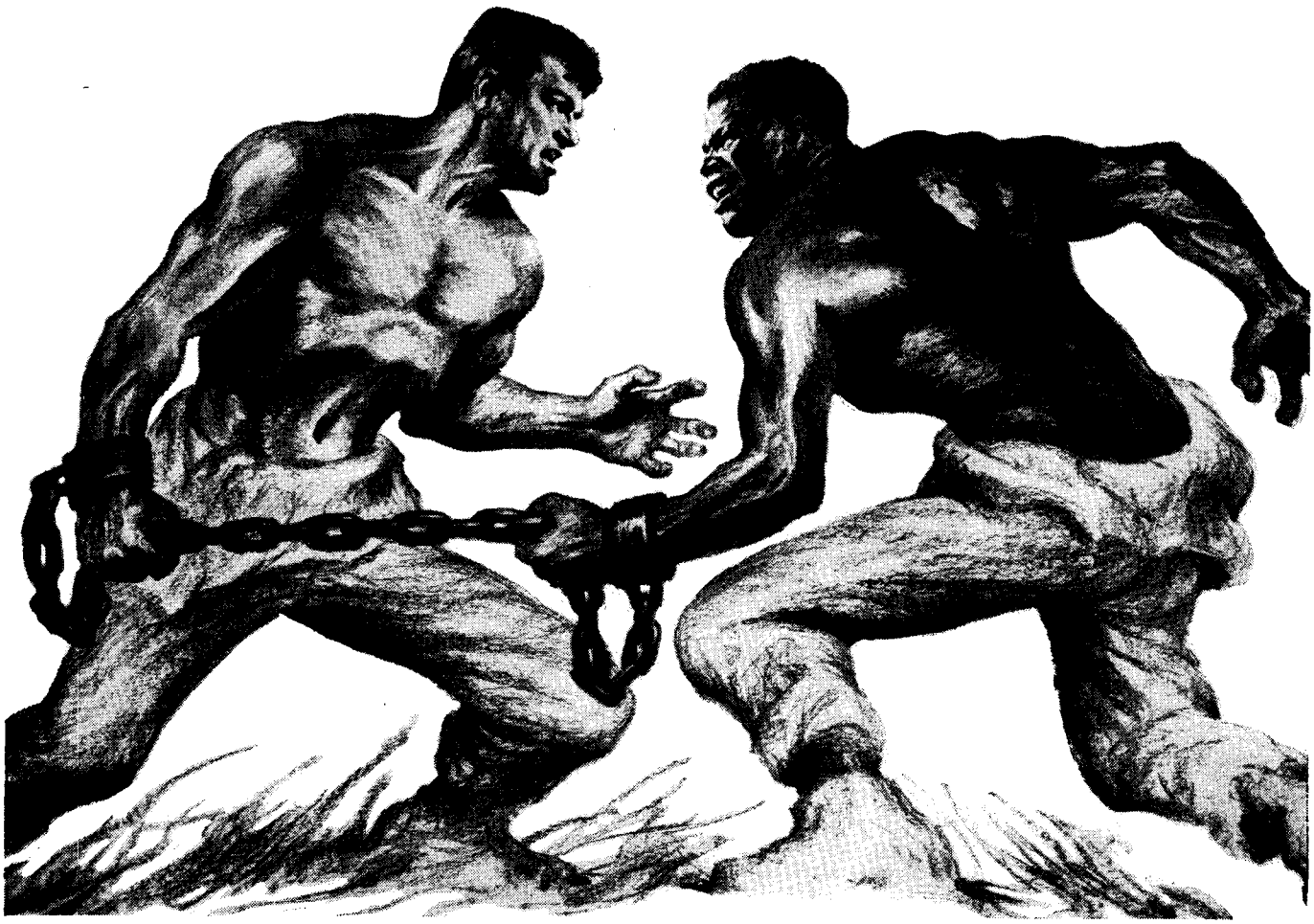

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Up With the Minute Men

RESTED, more or less, from a week-end on the sybaritic shores of Southampton, a sandbar of certain luxury 100 miles from New York, I took off on a recent Monday morning with a car full of high hopes, a high pile of baggage and a pair of high-spirited companions, bound for the New England hills. Now such an expedition may seem rather commonplace to many in the class, but it is not often that I have an opportunity to sample the method by which, after all, eighty-five per cent of all Americans take their vacations. I could scarcely have made more preparations were I departing for a month in Patagonia.

Long Island is rather like a fin-tailed blimp that has been anchored with its nose at New York City. The rest of the body swings upward, with the coast angling alongside the Connecticut shore. One can, of course, drive all the way back to New York City, then start up the Connecticut side, but it is also possible, should one be charged with the adventurous nature of a Magellan and the perseverance of a woodpecker to make one's way by road and by ferry across the fins and straits of the end of Long Island and cross the Sound to New London. With a series of charts, marking crayons and magnifying glasses that would have done honor to the chartroom of the Nautilus, the route was mapped. It would require three ferries and a few miles of driving to ford the waterways that separated us from Nutmegland across the way.

The first ferry departs from north of Sag Harbor, a village of great interest and heritage on Gardiner's Bay. Although some chroniclers are wont to call it a resort village, Sag Harbor was settled in 1720 and during the early 1800s it became prominent as a whaling center. Its ships ranged so far that it became the site of the State's first custom house which is still on display along with a Whaler's Church, a Whaler's Museum and many a whaler's widow's walk. The ferry deposits cars and people on Shelter Island, an isolated hideaway of great enchantment with a few handsome modern houses and many small weatherbeaten ones secluded in a watery enclave reminiscent of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard although much more accessible than either.

It is the shortest, and as I have communicated, the pleasantest of rides across Shelter Island to its northern extremity where two ferries function continuously to fetch the traffic back and forth to the northern fin of Long Island at the town of Greenport. From there it is a mere nine miles to Orient Point whence the last of the ferries departs for the longest leg, across Long Island Sound into the estuary at New London, Conn. The waiting cars, alas, were piled up halfway to the Brooklyn Bridge and some cars that had been in the queue for well more than an hour failed to make the next boat. Some of the reason for this backup was due to the immense potato trucks which haul spuds from their island digs to the New England markets. However, even traveling empty, the trucks are required to back up to a launching platform and to take pleasure cars into their cavernous interiors for the ride across.

ALTHOUGH our own safari party was not required to mount pick-a-back inside a van still dusty from potato sacks, the wait in line was well over two hours, an interlude which we, like the others, spent bathing from a rock-strewn beach at Orient Point. The tariff, when we finally were asked to pay it and permitted to embark for Connecticut shores, amounted to a fat $9.75 for the hour and a half ride. The sailors of New London Freight Lines, Inc. who usher the cars on and off, suffering from a seller's market, operate with all the grace of dyspeptic pirates ("We didn't build the ship, we just load it." "If you don't like it I'll back you off and you can wait for the next run.") A few camp chairs are sprinkled about the decks for those who can extricate themselves from their sardine-packed cars, but for the rest there is a seat on the steel deck or the claustrophobia of sitting at the wheel wedged between Fords, Buicks and potato trucks. All in all, it is one of the least appealing cruises of the season.

Once we had found the open road again life became easier, although I found it a frustrating practice, as habitual auto trippers must too, to

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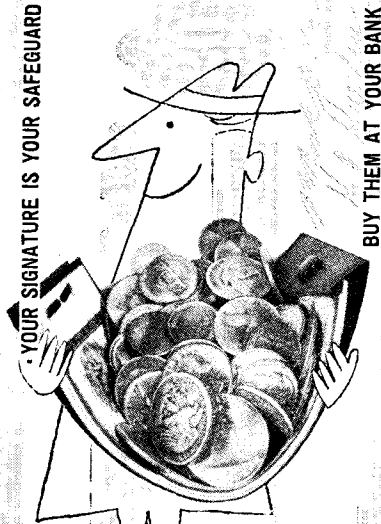

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cross under and over super highways, thruways and freeways that never seem finished or for that matter never pointed in the same direction as we. We bedded down for the night in the carefully creaky confines of The Publick House in Sturbridge, Mass. which dates from the day in 1771 when one Col. Ebenezer Crafts founded it. The colonel is well remembered as a man of some strength who, when thirsty, could lift a cider barrel over his head and drink from the bunghole. Nobody has to lift anything heavier than a martini glass at the Publick House nowadays, and as for the menu which follows, it is a classic example of that American type fare that tempts the waiting diner with corn bread, spoonbread, muffins, and sweet rolls; olives, celery and carrot sticks, pickled watermelon rind, gherkins, mustard pickles and sweet pickles; all of which are served in advance of the first course which is a fruit cup with a ball of sweet sherbet on top, floating like a mine waiting to wreck one's appetite on the shoals of sugary overtures. Wow.

Since this type of cuisine is in vogue from Winnipesaukee to Williamsburg, the cradle of America—indeed, it hasn't been at all discouraged by the recommendations of Duncan Hines—perhaps this is what we should have dispensed at Brussels instead of pastrami and hot dogs. Certainly it would take the appetite of a Frenchman or a Dane, (or the forbearance of a Trappist monk) to get by the first courses and still have room for the turkeys and lobsters which follow.

The gastronomic peculiarities have not been overlooked either at Old Sturbridge Village, a collection of New England memorabilia large and small, from nails to barns, which has been gathered on a 200-acre expanse here in mid-Massachusetts. There are stately Georgian mansions and old herb houses, the inevitable blacksmith and the inevitable church-meeting house rising tall, clean and white at the end of the village green. An old grist mill still churns out bags of brown bread mix, cracked wheat cereal, and whole graham flour faster, in fact, than it can be used. I must say, though, that the thing that makes the memories of Sturbridge indelible are the odors that eddy from its kitchens which are all active and working. It is one thing to stroll through a country store that has been restored to the way it was during the first fifty years of America's independence, but it is something else again to find cookies baking in the backroom—zulus and hobnails, pine tree shillings and applejacks, a differ-

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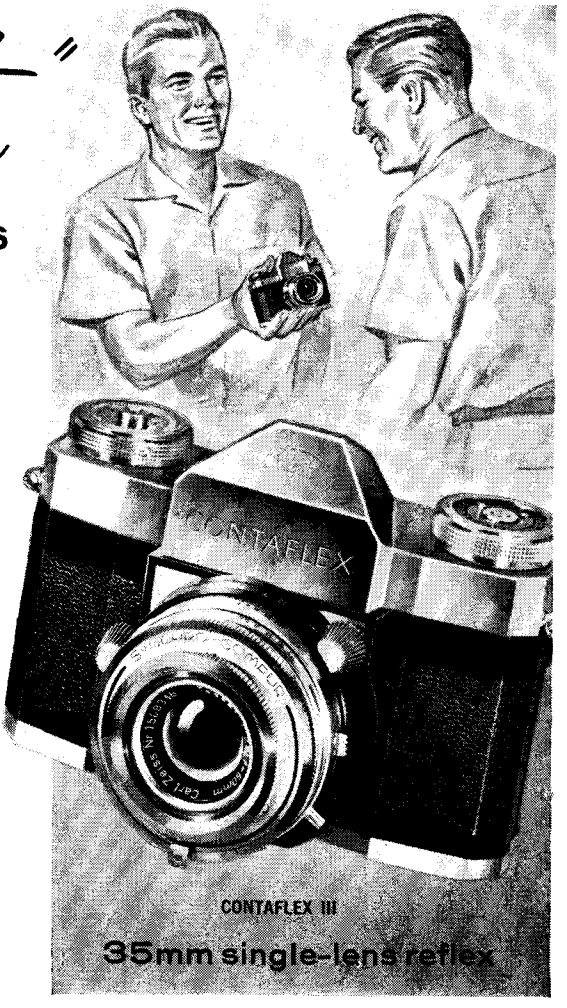

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ent one every day and always on sale at a nickel apiece.

It is of certain interest to visit the farm that Pliny Freeman, an ox-yoke maker and yeoman farmer, built in Sturbridge in 1801, but it is something else again to find gingerbead baking in the old brick oven which first has to be heated with a wood fire. The gingerbread is baked daily by ladies costumed in the period according to a recipe that appeared in a cookbook called "The American Frugal Housewife" published in 1832. Those who would cadge a piece of the hot gingerbread ought to arrange their tour to land at the Freeman farmhouse about noon.

Life in the post-colonial period was not all applejacks and gingerbread and there is a stock and pillory alongside the village green to remind visitors how public punishment was meted out. Incarceration in either torture device was the threat that hung over children, servants and apprentices who, according to a sign of the day, were found guilty of "singing profane songs, blasphemy and cursing, idleness, stubbornness, and giving uncomely language to one's master."

While it wasn't "uncomely language," one voice that did speak out was the *Massachusetts Spy*, a liberal newspaper of the day which is still being printed now and then in the original office of its owner, Isaiah Thomas. One of its early issues carried an account of the Battle of Lexington written by Thomas, who was one of the Minute Men. Aside from the fact that its reportage was eyewitness, it was noted, as well, for the speed with which it was raced into print—two weeks following the engagement. Copies of the *Massachusetts Spy* run off on the old presses (albeit with some modern improvements) are for sale at the print shop, along with ancient posters and notices that refer to the Quaint Tavern Rules of the Day. A museum shop at Old Sturbridge Village maintains a rather enticing supply of early-day odd goods such as hand-dipped bayberry candles, soap balls, pomanders redolent of cloves which are guaranteed to "deter moths," and bar soap which carried the advice, "Gentlemen intending to kill large quantities of beef during the approaching season will find a quick market for their tallow."

The Sturbridge shop has also managed to gather a rather sizable grocery shelf of post-colonial comestibles, notably brown bread and raisins, Indian pudding, fish chowder, New England clam pie and red kidney beans and pork, all tinned and ready for the pressure cooker or the roto-broiler.

By the next evening we had

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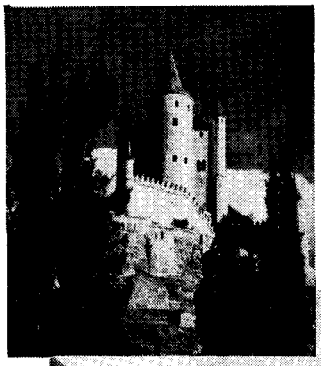

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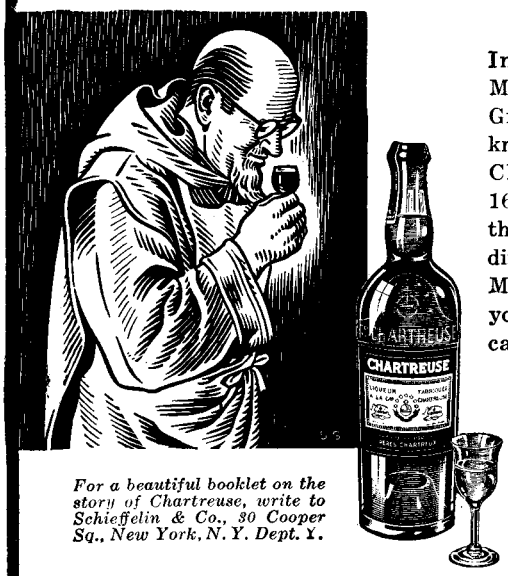

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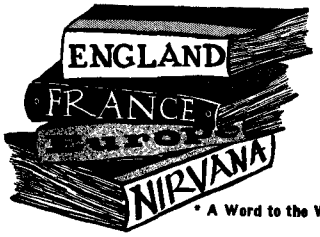

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climbed even deeper into New England, but the brown bread and clam pies, alas, had been left behind, alongside the Georgian glasses and doilies, in the tea shops to the south. At the Lake Tarleton Club, at the brink of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, where we chose to bivouac for the next several nights, the waitresses came streaming from the kitchens burdened with sour cherry soup, strawberry soup and borscht that sometimes made the cuisine seem more *mittel* Europe than Minute Man. But the nights were filled with steaks and lobsters and the mornings began with wheat cakes, kippers, pickled herrings, salmon and sardines. It was, all in all, a kitchen designed to subsist a man bound for the courts, the links or the lake all of which are right at hand. It served as well to subsist the excursionists—I was one—who roamed eastward into Franconia Notch and the White Mountains and westward into the hills of Vermont.

IN THE White Mountains we rode the *télépherique* up to the heights of Cannon Mountain and walked the Rim Trail, inhaling the rarified piney air and looking across to the filmy peaks shaded by the gray haze. We sent home bags of pine needles and followed the nature trails of the Lost River, craned our necks to see the Old Man of the Mountain, and had a picnic lunch in a glen alongside twenty-two rainsoaked Boy Scouts from Boston. The next day we were off touring in Vermont to visit the quarries at Graniteville where nearly 50,000 tourists a year now come to gape down the deep quarry hole and to listen to a guide's commentary over the din of the drills that chatter below. Drillers use hand signals to converse.

The walls are lined with the drill marks of a hundred years of digging, and the quarry floor is beautified with brilliant pools of emerald water that have gathered there from old rainfalls and from the drippings of the water used in granite drilling. The granite comes off in massive chunks that sometimes take months to free. It goes for curb stones, war memorials and headstones, many of which are manufactured up the road in the Rock of Ages factory, which is longer than two football fields and is the largest tombstone shop in the world. Over at the pit, which is the largest granite quarry in the world, the Rock of Ages people maintain a pile of rocks under a sign that says "Free." Judging by the crowd that mills around the granite pile souvenirs are about as important to travelers as wheels. After all, a man needs an old piece of headstone like a rock by his head.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

"Vanessa" in Salzburg

By EVERETT HELM

SALZBURG.

THE performance of Samuel Barber's "Vanessa" in this year's Salzburg Festival broke several precedents and caused a corresponding amount of excitement and discussion. This discussion was by no means confined to musical matters; on the contrary, much of it centered around questions of policy, tradition and the like.

The facts of the matter are these. "Vanessa" was the first American opera to be performed in Salzburg, and it was the first time in Salzburg history that an opera was sung in English. Also for the first time, the Festival's novelty took the form of a guest appearance by an "outside" organization, in this instance the Metropolitan Opera of New York. And finally, "Vanessa" was not a world première, as is generally the case, but a "mere" first European performance.

All this was enough, apparently, to upset many members of the European press, especially those of the German-speaking countries. Months before the Festival began there were passing references to the "unfortunate" choice of "Vanessa"—long before anyone in Europe had any inkling as to whether the music itself were good or bad. And as the date of the première approached, strange rumors began to circulate, most of which proved to be entirely groundless. In Munich, for instance, we "had it on the best authority" that everyone concerned with the production was at everyone else's throat and that Barber and Menotti had left Salzburg in a huff. The basis of this rumor proved to be the fact that immediately after the dress rehearsal Menotti was obliged to leave Salzburg for Brussels in order to prepare the production of his own opera there. For the rest, Barber was present at the première and nobody was at anyone else's throat.

The performance was in fact a fine one—virtually a duplicate of the Met's, with Eleanor Steber as Vanessa, Rosalind Elias as Erika, Nicolai Gedda as Anatol and Giorggio Tozzi as the old doctor. Only the supporting roles of the old baroness and two servants were newly cast. The costumes were brought from New York, the scenery was an exact replica of the Met's, and Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted. The

—*Bender.*

Samuel Barber—"...chromatized Puccini?"

large units were of course local: the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and the chorus and ballet of the Vienna State Opera. Rudolf Bing remarked in a press conference that the Salzburg performance was quite as good as the New York one—perhaps even more effective, because of the smaller size of the Festspielhaus, which is roughly one third the size of the Met.

Since "Vanessa" has been reviewed extensively in these columns and elsewhere in America, there is no occasion to consider here the work itself. A detailed study of its reception in Salzburg, however, could lead to some highly interesting and provocative results. Among other things it would reveal striking differences in the intellectual approach to music between America and Europe. To cite just one example: "Vanessa" was judged by the European press not only for what it is but, indirectly, for what the critics thought it *ought to have been* in the light of their own ideas about modern opera. This approach led the majority of them to concentrate on what they felt were negative features and to overlook the positive aspects of the work, which might have been given more consideration.

The brunt of the criticism centered on the story and the libretto, which were variously described as dated, old-fashioned, Strindbergian, Ibsenesque, "plush," etc.—a combination of *fin de siècle* realism and pseudo-psychology. The costumes, sets and staging were then criticized for exactly the same reason, almost as if they had nothing to do with the story itself—a prime example of *non sequitur*.

The music was generally charged with being a stylistic *pasticcio*. One leading critic wrote: "a chromatized Puccini, plus a few ounces of Wagner, Strauss and Tschaikowsky and a shot of Debussy," with no mention whatsoever of those passages—particularly the lyrical ones—that are quite clearly Samuel Barber. "Eclecticism" is one of the most useful words in the critic's vocabulary for the purpose of finding fault, for there is scarcely a piece of music in existence that is not to some degree eclectic—*i.e.*, that does not reflect the music of the composer's predecessors or contemporaries.

Of course it boils down to a matter of degree, and it is a fine line that divides "legitimate" from "illegitimate" eclecticism (the former is usually described as "influence"). We know that Wagner took over stylistic ingredients from Meyerbeer and Weber, that Strauss borrowed from Wagner, the young Schönberg from Strauss, Alban Berg from Schönberg and Mahler, and so on. We are not defending "Vanessa" against charges of eclecticism, but do wish to suggest that the European press, with a few notable exceptions, may not have gone far enough into the matter when it confined its praise of the score to the purely technical "handwork." We even make bold to suggest further that much of the post-Webern music that is being written and praised in Europe today is no less eclectic, despite the fact that it is couched in a more "advanced" idiom.

THE principal singers—Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias, Nicolai Gedda and Giorgio Tozzi, all from the Met—and conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos received well-deserved and universal praise. Cecil Beaton's stage sets and costumes, on the other hand, were severely criticized as being "insipidly naturalistic," although no one went so far as to imply that "abstract" staging *à la* Bayreuth would have been suitable to the story of "Vanessa." A few critics even objected to the production of the work in English—a thoroughly specious argument, since Italian opera is produced in Salzburg in Italian.

All in all the reaction to "Vanessa" in the Salzburg Festival points up several interesting trends and tendencies in current European musical thought and attitudes. In the first place the European, and particularly the German attitude towards opera is swayed much more by "reason" than

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in other parts of the world; it is a predominantly intellectual, or even intellectualized approach. Whether this is good or bad, whether opera and intellectualism are compatible, we leave open.

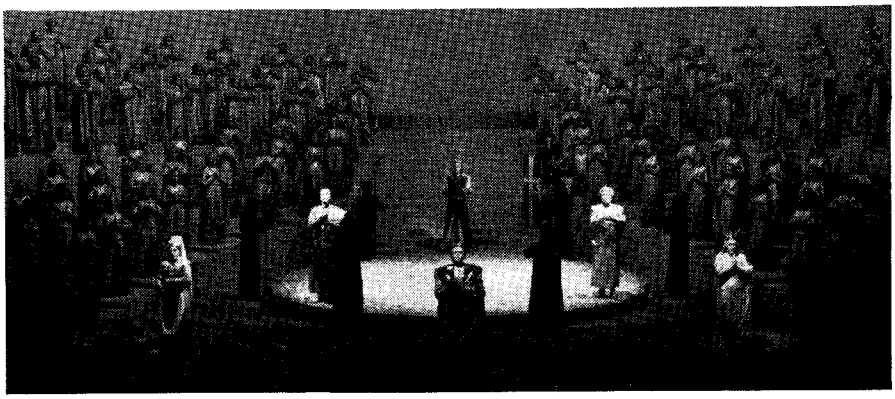
As a result of this propensity, Europeans (particularly those who write criticisms) are apt to go to the opera, especially to a new opera, expecting something that fits in with the current intellectual trend. Today the hue and cry is, and has been for several years, for the "new," the "original." While this attitude has its positive side, it can also lead to absurdities. Above all it carries with it the danger that the trappings and wrappings of music are judged more important than the content.

One result of this preoccupation is that in present-day Europe, particularly in Central Europe, realism in opera is considered *per se* A Bad Thing. As long as such a point of view obtains, works like "Vanessa" have little chance of general critical approval. This applies to the work itself and also to the kind of stage production the work requires. European ideas of staging are currently orientated towards the "abstract," as typified in the productions of Bayreuth. The tendency is towards a single stylized tree rather than a realistic wood, so to speak. Questions of style are today of more concern in "elite" circles than those of substance and quality.

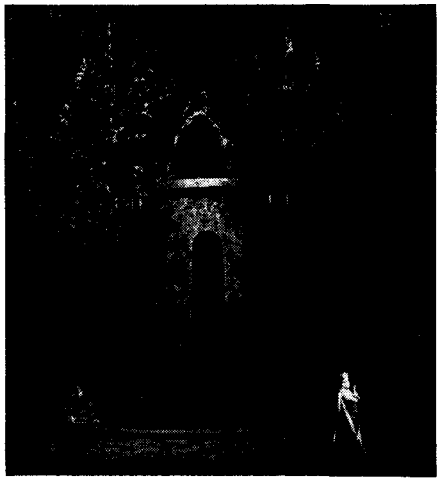
These are things we have known for some time but have seldom seen so clearly demonstrated as in the critical reaction to "Vanessa"—not only in the opinions expressed but even more so in the formulation of the criticisms, spoken and printed. Some of the reviews took the unfortunate position that "Vanessa" is representative of all music, opera and even theatre in America today and drew the highly unwarranted inference that since (in their opinion) "Vanessa" was a calamity, all American art is equally calamitous. Here we must really protest with vigor. Whether or not "Vanessa" is in fact a calamity is quite beside the point. It most certainly does *not* represent the conglomerate culture of America, any more than a single German, Italian or French opera, good or bad, represents totally its country of origin.

The regrettable part of the entire affair is that music, often referred to as the international language and the promoter of understanding between nations, here turns out to be an agent of misunderstanding. One is anxious to see the musical ties and relations between America and Europe grow closer, rather than the reverse. Salzburg was not a step in that direction.

"Lohengrin": Bayreuth 1958

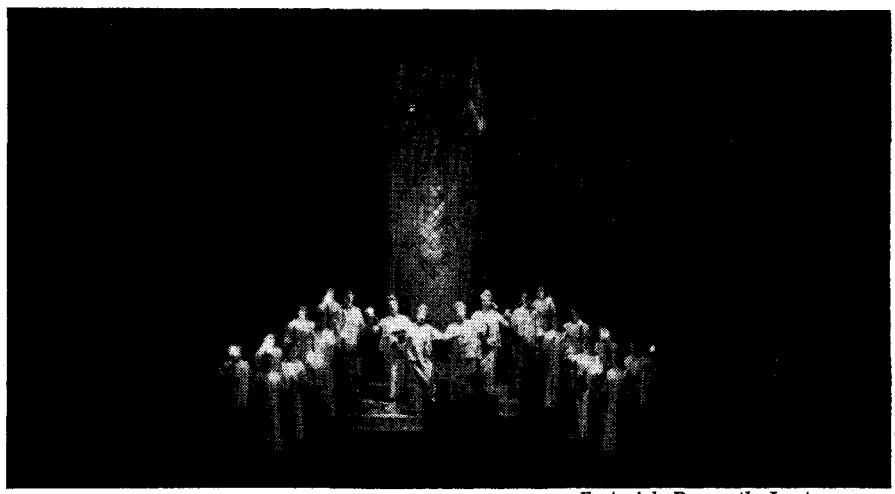


Wieland Wagner's latest version of his grandfather's "Lohengrin" at Bayreuth has been dubbed "Das Oratorium vom Schwanenritter" for its lack of action, but widely admired for its visual beauty. Act 1 (above) shows: The prayer led by Keith Engen (King Henry) in the center, with Ortrud (Astrid Varnay) left and Elsa (Leonie Rysanek) right, and the two knights on the elevated central platform: Telramund (Ernest Blanc) left and Lohengrin (Sandor Konya) right.



Ernst Blanc (Telramund) and Astrid Varney (Ortrud) in Act II, as they plot a way to regain their lost rank.

Leonie Rysanek (Elsa) in Act II, in the procession to the Münster for the wedding ceremony.



—Festspiele Bayreuth: Lauterwasser.

Rysanek (Elsa) and Sandor Konya (Lohengrin) in Act III, surrounded by the chorus of bridal attendants.

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Jazz From The North Coast. Bob Davis Quartet. "Goose," "Just The Way You Look Tonight," "River Road." Zephyr ZP 12001G, $3.98.	Leader Bob Davis backs up the soloists fairly well. He even gets to play a few good bars whe he's not concerned with speed. Saxophonist Bob Crea runs up and down the chords smooth He plays well on "Willow Weep For Me." There is very little to distinguish this quartet fro innumerable other quartets.
Jazzmantics. John Graas Nonet. "Midnight Sun," "Petite Poem," "Let's Fall In Love." Decca DL 8677, $3.98.	Graas' arrangements are professionally pleasant and well played, but there are no very interesting attacks by the soloists. Even Graas holds back, plays too cool.
Modern Jazz Piano. Mary Lou Williams, Art Tatum, Erroll Garner, Lennie Tristano. "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," "Waltz Boogie," "Cherokee." RCA Camden CAL 384, $1.98.	It's too bad they don't make longer LPs. This ended much too soon. All the pianists are well represented, except Tristano, who has only one track; and that one, although good, wasn't his best. Everyone swings away. Camden, with the aid of Leonard Feather, has come up with a beautiful record.
Cal Tjader, Stan Getz Sextet. "Accustomed To Her Face," "For All We Know," "Ginza," "My Buddy." Fantasy 3266, $3.98.	Cal Tjader is a fine instrumentalist, but his preoccupation with formulas and cliches makes it difficult to know just who he is. Getz is as usual. The last track on the album, "My Buddy," is lovely.
Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge at the Opera House. "Bean Stalkin'," "Can't Get Started," "The Walker." Verve MGV 8266, $4.98.	When someone whose playing you admire very much (Roy) doesn't play as well as you expect him to, it's not easy to know how to say it. Hawk and Roy together should be a ball. but the truth is, on this album, they're not. The rhythm section, particularly John Lewis, is very good.
Detour To The Moon. Mary Ann McCall. "Detour Ahead," "I Wished On The Moon," "The Moon Was Yellow." Jubilee JLP 1078, $3.98.	Many people will be happy to know that Mary Ann is performing again. On some of the slow tunes, Miss McCall exceeds her point of volume comfort, to the detriment of intonation. On the up-tempos, her musicianship and experience are evident. She has a fine beat. The "Moon" theme produced lovely songs, well arranged, and beautifully handled by very fine musicians.
"Dig Buddy In Hi Fi." Buddy Bregman and his orch. "This Is Beauty," "Monique," "Left Bank," "Holiday." Verve MGV 2094, $4.98.	This is a collection of very pretty, rarely heard melodies, played in an easily understood way.
Doubles In Jazz. Don Elliott, Sam Most. "Charmaine," "Do Nothing Til You Hear From Me," "Skippy," "Blues Junction." Vanguard VRS 8522, $4.98.	Elliott's group is wonderful. Ellis Larkins, Aaron Bell, and Bobby Donaldson are all exciting. This is the best Elliott on record. On the Sam Most side, there are good arrangements by Hall Overton, Quincy Jones and Ronnie Waelmer played well.
The Modern Jazz Quartet. Oscar Peterson Trio at the Opera House. "Now's The Time," "Round About Midnight," "Big Fat Mama." Verve MGV 8269, $4.98.	A responsive audience at the Chicago Opera House helped the quartet through a few polite and pleasant ensemble sounds. "Now's The Time" was the freest and least involved jazz. Percy Heath and Connie Kay laid down a fine beat. Peterson always sounds best as a soloist, but his authority at the piano would have been best brought out if the rest of the trio had been less noisy.
"Nothing But The Blues," Herb Ellis, Roy Eldridge, Stan Getz, Ray Brown, Stan Levey. "Pap's Blues, Tin Roof Blues, Patti Cake, Blues For Junior." Verve MGV 8252, $4.98.	This album is full of jazz. Not only does Herb Ellis get a chance to display his talent, but there are a lot of wonderfully pure jazz sounds by Roy and Getz, while Ray Brown and Stan Levey make it easy for all to play.
"Soulville." Ben Webster Quintet. "Late Date," "Time On My Hands," "Where Are You." Verve MGV 8274, $4.98.	This album is very aptly titled. It's lovely, musical, tender, moving and soulful.
Stan Getz, J. J. Johnson at the Opera House. "Billies Bounce," "Funny Valentine," "Crazy Rhythm." Verve MGV 8265, $4.98.	Getz is tremendous on this album, which is out of the Chicago Opera House, by Norman Granz, with the regular stable rhythm section. There are no cute tricks or frozen tones from Getz on this, only very fine blowing. There are a few corny spots when the boys fall into a fugue, but otherwise Stan and JJ create a very nice sound together.
Only The Blues, Sonny Stitt. "The String," "B. W. Blues," "Blues For Bags." Verve MGV 8250, $4.98.	Sonny Stitt plays with more authority than any of the other Parker disciples. He has good time and he knows his instrument, but his compositional ability is not equal to his extraordinary technique. He is backed very adequately by the Oscar Peterson Trio with Stan Levey on drums. Roy Eldridge is a complete gas on this.
Tenderly. Noreen Tate. "After My Laughter Came Tears, Conversations, The Wail." Elektra EKL 113. $3.98.	Miss Tate is superbly backed by Sonny Greer, Al Hall, and Isaac Joseph, and has chosen son obscure, but very good material. Miss Tate could do with a little more emotional restraint (also have been more adventuresome rhythmically) but this is a very easy to listen to album.
5 Steps to Dankworth. Johnny Dankworth. "Export Blues, Somerset Morn, One Foe Janet." Verve MGV 20006, $3.98.	This has Dankorth with his big band and with a small group. The improvisations with the group are generally freer than with the band, Dankworth doesn't always take advantage of the lovely background. A pleasant sound. —RUBY BAHFF.

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Champaign, '57

THE 1957 Festival of Contemporary Arts at the University of Illinois, which was presented with the support of the Fromm Music Foundation of Chicago, produced new works of unusual interest and quality. Two works stand out strikingly. They are the Fourth Symphony by Wallingford Riegger and the pungently dissonant String Quartet by Gunther Schuller (University of Illinois School of Music CRS 5, $7 per set of three LPs, Illini Union Book Store, 715 S. Wright St., Champaign, Ill.) Over a generation younger than Riegger, Schuller has developed a style that at times is related to many works of the older master. This is true of his Symphony for Brass as it is in this quartet. Riegger's Fourth Symphony, while less biting, is a more approachable work, though in every way as fine as his monumental, prize-winning Third. To me, these are among the best of American symphonies, and I believe that in time they will be regarded as major pieces in our symphonic repertory. On the international scene, Riegger is one of the most exportable of our musical creators. The second movement of the Symphony is based on a dance written for Martha Graham called "Chronicle"; the theme of this was the suffering of the Spanish people during their Civil War. Suggestions of Spanish music are slight and at first almost unrecognizable. The final movement of this Symphony is more in Riegger's characteristic style. It shows masterful use of polyphonic and harmonic devices.

Burrill Phillips's "Return of Odysseus" is a major choral work. It is well thought out, and a powerful setting of the Homeric legend.

Alan Hovhanness's quite short cantata "To the God Who Is in the Fire," is an atmospheric piece representing some facets of the composer's style, but it is not Hovhaness at his best. Both of these are expertly conducted by Robert Shaw who, more than any other conductor, can make such choral pieces come alive.

A trio by Irving Fine is a carefully wrought piece, and in this set of recordings fares better than most of the others. Performances by Homer Schmitt, violin, John Garvey, viola, and Robert Swenson, cello, are of high calibre; it is an entirely professional job. That, of course, is the reverse condition plaguing the performance of Krenek's "The Bell Tower," which, despite some obviously distinguished writing, does not seem satisfactory in this recorded form.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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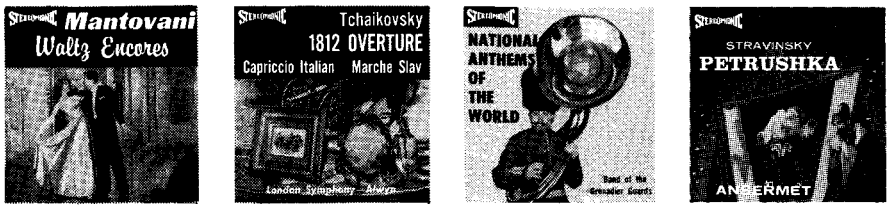

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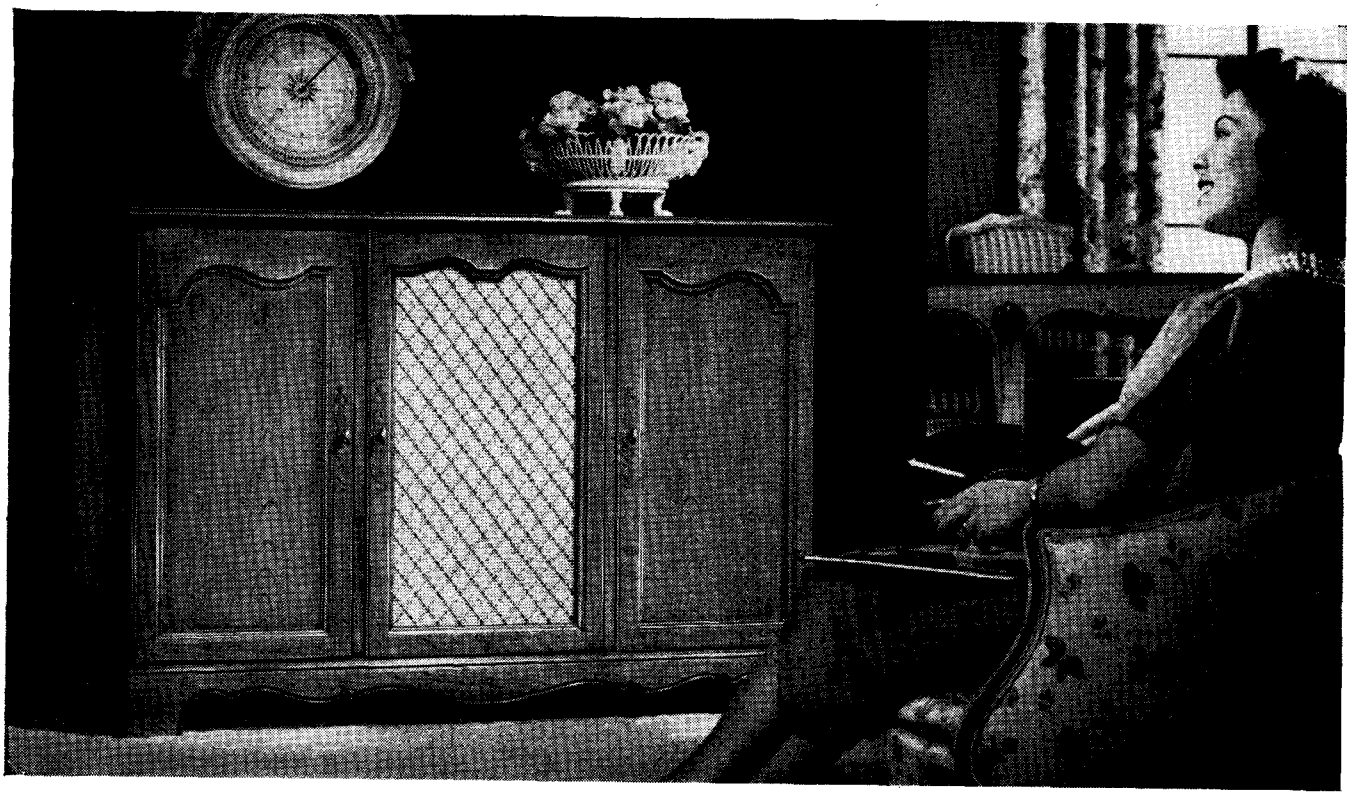

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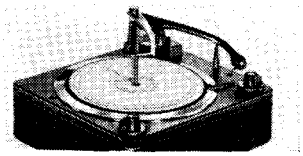

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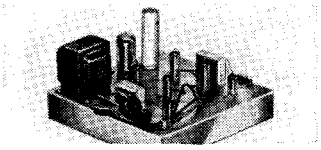

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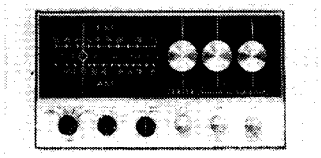

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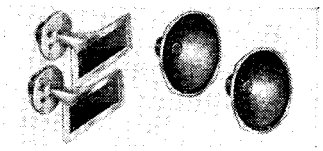

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The Modern 'Modern' Dance

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THE 11th American Dance Festival, presented by the Connecticut College, succeeded in showing a fair, although not complete, cross-section of the modern dance in this country. But beyond this primary objective it made clear the irreconcilable cleavage between the older approach to choreography and the new trend, between the pictorial presentation of a dramatic-realistic subject matter—may it be psychological, mythological or social—and the impersonalized, objective, rather than non-objective, conception.

Three artists and their companies, all artistically impressive, exemplified these trends. There is first of all José Limon who continues the Doris Humphrey method, the building in climactic, rhythmic contrasts with emphasis on the literal and visual. This became particularly manifest in his "Traitor," a powerful dance drama which skillfully retells the Christ story in 20th century terms. Limon, who danced the part of Judas, gave a heart-rending image of the rejected man who turns traitor and finally commits suicide.

The literal and literary approach to his subject matter was even more obvious in his "Serenata" to Paul Bowles' music. It is based on a Garcia Lorca poem which passionately proclaims impatient love. His dance had elegance and a singing longing in its phrases, but it lacked the passion and impatience of Lorca's lover. It undoubtedly had poetic passages, but suffered from a self-imposed limitation in space and movement.

Pearl Lang retained some of Martha Graham's idioms and her preoccupation with symbolically heavy, mythological themes with psychological overtones. But like Limon, who found his own personality, Pearl Lang's style and, above all, thinking is her own. She uses in "Falls the Shadow" the Persephone legend to speak to us on many levels about the struggle between light and darkness, about the eternal encounter of the two sexes, about the undying dream that grows out of doubt and agony, about man's and nature's creativity and the barren waiting for its resurgence.

Symbolism and psychology permeate her "Nightflight" to the music of Anton Webern. It tells of life's complexities in a boy's growing years into manhood, of the dubious visitations and treacherous temptations before he finds his way into the light of fulfillment, be it love or self-awareness, or both. This, as most of her dances, have sections of great poetic imagery and, looking for faults in a captious mood, one could say that in "Nightflight" the symbolism sometimes submerges her lyricism.

The most capricious and controversial of the three dancers who essentially contributed to the festival was Merce Cunningham. He was once a leading dancer with Martha Graham and made a clear break from his past, from the emotional and conventional. He often translates John Cage's musical conceptions into movement and puts his theory that "the source of life in a dancer is his inactivity in a gesture or movement" into stage reality. Stillness, no doubt, has its valid function in the dance as the pause has in music. But the Caged-in-movement is often extended to an extreme.

WHAT Bert Brecht has done for the drama with his idea of the epic theatre, Cunningham does for the dance. Both do not want us to identify ourselves with anyone or anything happening on stage. They want to shock us into an awareness of reality. The choreography is objective, the dancer's self-expression erased. There is seemingly no gentle flow of dance phrases, and yet he achieves, despite a tormenting simplicity, and the unrelatedness of movements, an effective image.

There is an accent of otherness in whatever he does, the eradication of the familiar concepts of space and time, of the emotional unfolding of a telling story. His dances, although structurally clean and clear, have not necessarily a beginning, a middle and an end. This becomes particularly obvious in his "Summerspace," an abstract painting of coherent and yet unrelated color spots which seem to move as you can see them when you look with half-closed eyes into a late August landscape from a distance. He leaves the level of the concrete and submerges in the subliminal when he probes vacillation and dualism in his "Changeling." He enjoys the absurd and lampoons style and certain dance personalities in "Antic Meet." His is a dry, wry humor dangling from a cerebral cord.

What Merce Cunningham does is not obscure, though it may be unfamiliar. And it is left to us to follow him beyond the literal and pictorial presentation into new fields of visual excitement. —WALTER SORRELL.

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